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THE GUILDHALL SPEECHES.

IT is not often that the speeches made at the Guildhall on Lord Mayor's Day require what may be called a key, but on the present occasion something of the kind is clearly necessary, and more than one instructor of the public has been good enough to supply it. The accustomed reader, who has taken up his newspaper on many Tenth's of November, still more the accustomed diner the night before, must have been equally conscious of something unusual in the proceedings. The order of the toasts was altered, and the special toast of Her Majesty's Ministers was proposed by the new LORD MAYOR in a strain more suggestive of a panegyric in blank verse, or an extract from SULLY'S *Memoirs*, or an extempore prayer by a Scotch Minister, than of the usual Lord Mayor's speech, in which eulogy is generally tempered with criticism, and the whole is addressed generally to the members of the Government rather than to any particular member. On this occasion Mr. GLADSTONE was informed of his attributes and performances in a style which ought to make the beginning of Alderman KNIGHT'S Mayoralty memorable. But the thing was explained next morning. The ceremony was, it seems, in effect merely a glorification of Mr. GLADSTONE, and its proceedings had to be duly subordinated to that end. It is an end to which, according to the apparent opinion of some people, all public proceedings ought to be subordinated; and why not the Lord Mayor's banquet as well as others?

In these circumstances, even less interest than usual could attach to any speech but the PREMIER'S OWN. Mr. CHILDERS, indeed, made a stirring little address of the most warlike character, pledging Great Britain to hold Gibraltar for ever, drawing an inspiring parallel between WOLFE and WOLSELEY, and in other ways vigorously playing his part in the new Ministry of Battles. Everybody present ought to have agreed with Mr. CHILDERS, though some persons present may have perceived a little comedy in the situation. Lord GRANVILLE was, as usual, urbane and unimportant. But Mr. GLADSTONE'S reception of the incense which the LORD MAYOR had so plentifully offered naturally draws attention from these minor utterances. It was really a remarkable speech, perhaps the most remarkable that its author, fertile as he is in speeches, has recently uttered. It contained no particular declaration of policy; but that was not to be expected. Mr. GLADSTONE had already made a declaration of policy in the House of Commons the day before by advancing yet further his previous bids for the Home Rule vote, and such declarations are not to be expected daily. Yet the remarks on Ireland which he made, and his more general reference to the foreign policy and responsibilities of the country, could hardly have had more interest if they had contained the definite announcement of a new line of action. Beside them the references to the future of municipal government in London—presenting as they did a strong resemblance to the familiar encouragements and exhortations of the dentist who is about to operate—are insignificant enough. In nothing that Mr. GLADSTONE has recently said is his magnificent power of forgetting better illustrated, nor perhaps has anything so much as that power given him his present hold on the country. In Mr. GLADSTONE'S remarks on the state of Ireland, the actual history of his three years' dealings with that country was

almost entirely ignored. In his remarks on the responsibilities of England, the whole spirit of the programme with which he entered office was ignored still more entirely.

The history of Ireland, as unrolled by the PRIME MINISTER to his astonished hearers on Thursday night, is a history of discontent and even anarchy, met almost wholly by remedial measures, and already almost disappearing in the face of the growing conviction in Ireland that England is a friendly and sisterly nation. The days of classical quotations are over, yet if one of Mr. GLADSTONE'S neighbours, while he dwelt on his remedial measures, had audibly murmured certain lines of HORACE beginning "Crescit indulgens," even the PRIME MINISTER might have been for a moment staggered. Of the tardy but vigorous measures of repression which have been applied since the murder of Lord FREDERICK CAVENDISH, Mr. GLADSTONE said nothing directly and hardly even implied anything. But the misapprehension of the effect of such measures as the Land Act and the Arrears Act, and the suppression or slighting of one main cause of the apparent improvement in Ireland, are scarcely so strange as the delusion with regard to the convictions arrived at in that country. The mistake about the Land Act and the Arrears Act is at any rate a consistent mistake, and Mr. GLADSTONE has a logical right to treat as remedies what he has always labelled as such. But it is almost permissible to adopt the view of the malcontents themselves, and to declare that no English statesman can understand Ireland, when the PRIME MINISTER of England is found announcing his belief in the conversion of malcontent Irishmen to a belief in the friendliness and sisterliness of England. That Mr. GLADSTONE has persuaded himself in this latter sense may perhaps be taken as an excuse for his Wednesday's indication of his future Irish policy, unless the convenience of the policy be taken as an explanation of the belief.

Even more remarkable, however, and much more satisfactory, are Mr. GLADSTONE'S utterances about the foreign responsibilities of England. His Irish sentiments, if persevered in and carried out in action, can lead to nothing but disaster; his sentiments on the relations of England to her dependencies and to the world at large are of exactly contrary promise. Unfortunately, however, they are equally contrary to the sentiments with which he entered office. Mr. GLADSTONE'S followers, anxious to imitate his forgetfulness, are impatient of appeals to the past. But other men have hardly forgotten Mr. GLADSTONE'S demonstrations of the impossibility of this small little island making its influence felt all over the world, of the dangerous responsibilities of empire, of the necessity of drawing rein and shortening sail. The tone of last Thursday is happily different. The strength of the nation was then insisted on. England was no longer small and little, or, if the favourite reminder of its littleness was repeated, it was in quite a new sense. "It contains within itself," Mr. GLADSTONE'S hearers were told, "resources for the discharge of every political duty incumbent on it." The Englishman is "not to expect to lead a tranquil life," which in Midlothian he certainly was invited to expect, if only he would place Mr. GLADSTONE in power. Mr. GLADSTONE is now aware, though it has taken him nearly three years of Downing Street to learn it, that "the enormous power of

"the country must call upon it for serious efforts from time to time." The glory of England is to be saved from being transitory; her fame vindicated, her power proved. Glory, fame, power, interests of the country—surely these are new words in Mr. GLADSTONE's mouth. The change is indeed so extraordinary that it takes some time to accustom oneself to it. But with Mr. CHILDERS somewhat gratuitously reminding the Spaniards that we mean to hold Gibraltar for ever, and with Lord NORTHBROOK following suit, the transformation scene acquires reality, or at least consistency. It is too satisfactory for any man not to make a slight stretch of good will, and a considerable effort of obliviscence, in order to accept it wholly. With such sentiments accepted firmly by the Liberal party, even the period which has just been described by the member for Northampton, when Mr. CHAMBERLAIN shall fill Mr. GLADSTONE's place and Mr. SCHNADHORST Sir HENRY BRAND's, need hardly have any terrors. It is impossible to imagine sounder principles of general statesmanship than those which, for almost the first time in his life, Mr. GLADSTONE enunciated on Thursday. The insignificance of party squabbles; the importance of continuous attention (though Governments may come and Governments may go) to the glory, the fame, the power, the empire, the interests of England; the greatness of the country; the necessity of making efforts to sustain that greatness—these were the theme of so much of his speech as did not regard Ireland. It is a wonderful and blessed change; and the suspicion that Lord Mayor's Day and Boxing Day have somehow changed places in the calendar should, no doubt, be resisted. But in order to resist it it is necessary to forget all about Wednesday in considering Thursday, and to avert the mind's eye sternly from the House of Commons in order to fix it on Guildhall. The Procedure Resolutions are not ancient history, whatever the Midlothian campaign may be; and to object to the concession of Home Rule in disguise to Ireland is not to make an idle criticism on the irrevocable past. The power and glory of England, which Mr. GLADSTONE is so anxious to maintain, have not been attained by choking discussion. They will not be maintained by substituting a jarring federalism for a solid empire.

EGYPT.

THE papers recently submitted to Parliament carry the reader from July to October; and the last issue contains a long despatch from Lord GRANVILLE to Lord DUFFERIN, in which the writer gives a connected history of the negotiations or communications between England and the Porte from the beginning of the Conference to the restoration of the KHEDIVÉ after Tel-el-Kebir. What Lord GRANVILLE seems especially anxious to demonstrate is that he and Lord DUFFERIN have been perfectly honest throughout. They certainly have shown more conclusively than ever was shown before that honesty is the best policy. Fortune, with a benevolent perversity, has so worked with them that they have won at every point by not getting the things for which they were labouring with perfect good faith and a kind of hopeless, dogged earnestness. England escaped the innumerable complications which would have attended joint intervention with France and joint intervention with Turkey; and yet Lord GRANVILLE did everything possible to throw open the door to France, and Lord DUFFERIN gave Turkey the most disinterested advice, and bore his diplomatic trials with heroic patience. He pointed out that, if the SULTAN had a grain of sense, he would cease to haggle about military conventions, and throw a corporal's guard on any point of the Egyptian shore where he could land them. He was on one occasion kept for eleven hours on a stretch in an ante-room, with the SULTAN just out of sight and communicating with him by messengers. Nor was this the hardest of his trials. The Turkish Court not only amused itself with perpetual wrangles over details and phrases, saying it had not quite accepted what it had seemed to accept, issuing documents and protesting that they were issued by mistake, but it resorted to the pettiest weapons of annoyance. It was always trying to spite England in little things, forbidding the purchase of mules or the hiring of labourers. Lord DUFFERIN could have found a thousand excuses, if he had wished or been permitted, for breaking off all negotiations with Turkey. But the more Turkey slapped one cheek

the more he turned the other. He had an object in view, and he bore everything to attain it. He wished, and Lord GRANVILLE wished, that Turkey should share in the work of putting down the military rebellion. It was for England a piece of extreme good fortune that the SULTAN was so deeply compromised with ARABI that he did not dare to aid in putting it down, just as it was a piece of extreme good fortune for England that the French Chamber kept back the French Ministry. M. DE FREYCINET explained to Lord LYONS his very peculiar situation with perfect frankness and clearness. If, he said, we do any act of hostility without the previous sanction of the Chamber, we shall be turned out for doing it; if we ask for the previous sanction of the Chamber, we shall be turned out for asking for it. Lord GRANVILLE did not create this singular state of affairs in France; he merely profited by it, and profited by it without meaning to profit by it. His good intentions towards France and Turkey had the strange success of being altogether frustrated. But they had also the peculiar success which properly belonged to them as good intentions. He got at once all the benefit of success and all the benefit of failure. He made it clear to France and to the world that he had done his very best to humour and conciliate France. He and Lord DUFFERIN convinced the diplomatic world that they had striven, in spite of endless rebuffs, subterfuges, and procrastination, to lead Turkey against its will in the path of honour and safety. England was left free to act in suppressing the rebellion, and is now free to shape the future of Egypt as she pleases; free, not only from the co-operation, but also from the jealousy and remonstrances, of Europe; and this excellent position is, it must be owned, largely due to the policy, and to the happy failure of the policy, of Lord GRANVILLE.

The Egyptian policy of the English Government is removed from the sphere of public criticism, for the public only knows of and cares for two things. It knows only that England acted when no other Power would act, and that its action was rapid, triumphant, and irresistible. But criticism cannot satisfy itself with mere general results. Parliament especially would ill discharge its functions if it did not examine all that the Government did and why it did it. With the aid of the voluminous papers submitted to Parliament a tolerably adequate conception of the policy of Lord GRANVILLE and the Cabinet may be formed. On more occasions than one Lord GRANVILLE may be reasonably held to have made mistakes. But the main question must always be whether the bases of his policy were right. The general policy of a Foreign Secretary in a difficult crisis must always be partly of a positive and partly of a negative character. There are certain things which he has to do or bring about, and certain things which he determines shall not be done if he can help it. It cannot be said that Lord GRANVILLE's policy was at all exclusively of a negative character, for he always had in view the action of England alone in the last resort. Whether he was too slow, as his English critics say, or too hasty, as his foreign critics say, he at any rate did act, sooner or later. But the main bases of his policy were negative. It was a policy by which it was resolved that certain things should not happen so far as he could prevent them, and few of his critics will seriously deny that in laying these negative bases he was right, and that they would have been adopted by the English Foreign Office whoever might have happened to be in office. The cardinal points of Lord GRANVILLE's negative policy were the following. He would not allow anarchy in Egypt to continue, if it threatened the security of Europeans or endangered the safety of the Canal. He would not join in intervention with France on the basis of a special Protectorate. He would not seek to annex Egypt to England. He would not allow Egypt to become an ordinary Turkish province, and he would not allow the KHEDIVÉ to be sacrificed in favour of a rival or an enemy. To ensure that none of these things should happen was a task of great difficulty, and now that Lord GRANVILLE has succeeded in avoiding the things he most wished to avoid, he seems to have succeeded almost in spite of himself. It seems incredible that all he did, from the presentation of the Joint Note in January to the day when Lord DUFFERIN was able to say that after Tel-el-Kebir he presumed Turkey would abandon all thoughts of sending troops to Egypt, should have turned out so well. But that he should have succeeded more than he had reason to hope he could succeed does not affect the general merits of his policy. Any English statesman may go on the right lines and be beaten by

adverse circumstances or by his own mistakes. The right lines are the right lines after all, and Lord GRANVILLE may fairly claim to have it said for him that the groundwork of his policy was sound. He saw at any rate what were the directions in which the affairs under his guidance should not be allowed to drift.

The larger portion of the new Parliamentary papers is taken up with Turkey, and it so happens that the issue of the last instalment was accompanied by the publication of two documents which threw more light on the relations of the SULTAN to Egypt than anything which Parliamentary papers could contain. Two letters written in February to ARABI have been published, one from a person acting on the occasion as the SULTAN's secretary, and one from an agent of the SULTAN who had just returned to Constantinople to report to the SULTAN on ARABI's conduct and intentions. They were of an extremely confidential character, and ARABI was advised to keep them to himself with the most jealous secrecy. He followed the advice given him, and carefully hid them until he thought he could use them to his own advantage. It is not surprising to find that the writers have nothing but praise to give ARABI, and assure him that the SULTAN regards him and his doings with the most cordial approval. What is surprising is that the SULTAN should ever have allowed to be committed to paper such very frank utterances about foreign Powers and the KHEDIVÉ. ARABI is exhorted to do his utmost to baffle and resist all foreign Powers, and especially England and France. England is, above all, the Power against which proper precautions are to be taken. The KHEDIVÉ is treated as the dust of the earth. He is said to belong to a party which has for some time been busy with its treacherous and accursed projects. ARABI is expressly told that the SULTAN takes no kind of interest in the maintenance of the KHEDIVÉ's authority. ISMAIL, HALIM, and TEWFIK are all alike. They are corrupt and corrupters, failing in their duty to the CALIPH, heedless of the interests of religion, and dalliers with intriguing, rapacious foreigners. The SULTAN would view with indifference or pleasure the deposition, or something more, of all or any of them. It is the good man, the humble friend of the CALIPH, the enemy of the foreigner—ARABI, in short, himself—whom the SULTAN would delight to honour. For such a man nothing may some day be found too great or high. TEWFIK is the SULTAN'S HAMAN, and ARABI is the SULTAN'S MORDECAI. No wonder that the SULTAN found himself in an embarrassing position when he was called on to set up a gallows for MORDECAI and send a white horse for HAMAN to ride on. What will MORDECAI say? must have been the thought at the bottom of the SULTAN'S mind during the long eleven hours when he kept Lord DUFFERIN waiting in the ante-chamber. And now he must be thinking what HAMAN and HAMAN'S friends will say. It is impossible to hope that TEWFIK, or Egypt, or the Mussulman world will believe that the authority of the KHEDIVÉ will be maintained with the concurrence or support of the SULTAN. The KHEDIVÉ will be Khedive in spite of the SULTAN, and against the SULTAN'S earnest and pronounced wishes. The KHEDIVÉ is now nothing more than the nominee of England. At the same time, he is nothing less; and England will have to see that her nominee does not lack the support which will protect him against his former master. But, if the KHEDIVÉ is to be supported, he is also to be pitied. He is not without affection or piety; and now he is forced, after supplanting his father, to beard his CALIPH.

THE DEBATE ON PROCEDURE.

THE debate on Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE'S motion to negative the First Resolution has lasted through the week. It has necessarily been a debate without much spirit, and without much interest for the public. It has really not been a debate at all; it has been all on one side. Conservative has followed Conservative, and Liberals have sat mute and unmoved. Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT followed Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE; and on Wednesday Mr. GLADSTONE himself intervened, breaking the traditional order of debate, in order that it might not be supposed that the Government thought the prolongation of the debate was of any use or interest. In four long sittings only two members of the majority whose position gave weight to

their arguments condescended to take part in the discussion. Mr. GLADSTONE devoted a large portion of his speech to satirical comments on the paucity of attendance on the Conservative benches during the debate. The Conservatives did not throng to hear the debate because there was debate to hear. They came in readily enough when it was known that Mr. GLADSTONE would speak. If there was a chance of hearing anything new, they were eager to listen to it. They were not very largely rewarded for the trouble they took. They heard that they had not been zealous in listening to arguments to which their adversaries would not vouchsafe a reply. They heard that the Government would always bow to the decision of the Speaker, and they heard Mr. GLADSTONE'S answer to a special argument put forward by Mr. O'CONNOR POWER. As between the Government and those members of the Irish party who are not irreconcilable, Mr. O'CONNOR POWER'S argument was a telling one, and very pertinent to a debate on the Clôture. Long ago, before the New Rules were ever thought of, Mr. GLADSTONE and some of his colleagues used to lament the heavy burdens by which the powers of Parliament were overtaxed. By way of a remedy they put forward the devolution of some of the duties of Parliament on centres of local authority, not only in England and Scotland, but also in Ireland. They never got beyond vague generalities, and especially as regarded Ireland they never explained how local government could be made anything but a first step to Home Rule. But, at any rate, they did put forward the creation of local legislative centres in Ireland as a means of relieving Parliament from an overwhelming press of business. An Irishman, not unfriendly to the Government, but who objected to the Clôture, might very well ask the head of the Government why he had forgotten the means of expediting public business on which he had formerly laid such stress. Mr. GLADSTONE had only his stock reply to bring forward. Without the Clôture he cannot carry any Bill, and therefore he could not carry a Bill for giving a new kind of local government to Ireland. This is really the reply which he and those who echo what he says give to every argument of the kind. Speaker after speaker has pointed out that under the remaining Rules the Ministry would get everything it is supposed to be getting under the First Rule. The invariable answer is that the Ministry can get nothing without the Clôture and everything with it. This is assertion and not argument, and the Conservatives can scarcely be expected to be thrilled with the excitement of debate when they get out of their opponents the bald statement that Liberals are right and Conservatives are wrong, and so no more need be said.

Before the debate began, an incident had happened which put the House in a new position. The SPEAKER announced the interpretation he put on the Rule, and in a moment read out most of what had been read into it last week. He declared that he considered the evident sense of the House meant the evident sense of the House at large. Originally the Government proposed that the Speaker should declare the general sense of the House. Now the Rule runs the evident sense of the House, and the Government last week explained that this must mean, and was intended to mean, the evident sense of the majority. The SPEAKER does not admit this interpretation. He has directed his attention to the meaning of the phrase "the House," and he pronounces that the House means the House at large, and not a mere majority of the House. He rules that the evident sense of the House is precisely the same thing as the general sense of the House. Everything that the Government thought it had struck out the SPEAKER brings back again. The Speaker will have to acknowledge that he was wrong in interpreting the sense of the House at large, if his opinion is only confirmed by the vote of a small majority. The leader of the Opposition will retain that power of assenting to the closing of the debate and determining when it shall end which Ministerial speakers declare to be so very objectionable. As long as Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE says "Go on" Liberals may shout "Divide!" as much as they please, and the Speaker cannot interfere. The Rule as now interpreted is of no kind of use to the Government for the purposes for which it is intended. It will not shorten by an hour debates in which the regular Opposition sets itself openly against the Ministry. It is, in fact, exactly the same thing as the proposed Rule requiring a two-thirds majority, and from the Irish point

of view it is open to precisely the same objections. The English minority will feel itself safe, but may respond to an appeal to put down the Irish minority. The rule, as interpreted, is useless to the Government, and the Government, which was for a moment thunderstruck by the SPEAKER'S announcement, resolved that it would have the Rule without the interpretation being formally imported into it. It certainly seemed natural that, having had the decision of the SPEAKER against them, they should bow to his decision, and allow the Rule and his interpretation to go together in a formal shape. But many motives tolerably obvious prompted them to keep the Rule as it was. They found that they had been quite mistaken in their own interpretation of the Rule, and it would have been undignified to own their mistake, and to allow that they had been thundering against the fiendish device of a two-thirds majority, when really their own Rule meant the same thing. And then the passing interpretation of one Speaker is only a temporary misfortune. They may hope for a day when a Speaker with more enlightenment and more accomplished in Liberal subtleties may see that the House does not and cannot mean the House at large, but means the supporters of the Government. And then there are Committees. Who can say that a Chairman of Ways and Means may not be rightly guided, and see at once, by the light of an intellect fresh from a good party education, what the Rule ought to mean, and, with the aid of a little firmness, may be said to mean?

Among the profusion of Conservative speeches to which it may be said generally that the speakers kept their temper in the face of much provocation, and brought into strong light points which deserved much more attention than they received, none perhaps was more instructive than the modest but practical contribution of Sir WILLIAM HART DYKE. He could speak from long personal experience, and exposed in a very effective manner the absurdity of supposing that Whips do not communicate freely, and very freely, with the Chairman, whom they confidently reckon will behave as, what he is, one of their own men. He considered it to be a part of his duty to be always expostulating with a friendly Chairman for not getting on faster with Government business. Of course every Chairman has to be fair, but his fairness is that of a man who helps the Government in a fair way. He must push on what his chiefs want to have pushed on, but he must be adroit enough not to do his work in an openly offensive and arbitrary manner. The Clôture would be an admirable help to his adroitness. He could scarcely be pronounced to be offensive and arbitrary when he claimed to be a king under a standing rule of the House. Any one may prophesy anything, and it is open to those who fancy they believe it to prophesy that the Chairmen of the future will be a different race of beings from the Chairmen of the past. Being charged with new duties, they will work in a new spirit. Let this be for a moment admitted, and then the only result will be that the New Rule will fail in Committee as much as it will fail in the House. The next step is inevitable. If the present Rule will not do, another Rule must be found that will do. When the true use of the Rule has been once asserted to be to enable a Liberal Government to carry its measures, a Rule that fails to effect its proper object must be superseded by a more efficacious Rule. Mr. GLADSTONE protested against the notion that he was laying a perpetual restriction upon the House. The House can resolve one thing one day, and another thing another day. A Conservative majority could sweep away the First Rule by one single vote. This is quite true; but it is not astonishing that this temporary character of the Rule should not win it much favour with Conservatives. If it is temporary in one way, it is equally temporary in another. By a single vote of a Liberal majority it may be altered to make it work as determined Liberals wish it should work. When it is once declared that debate shall be terminable, and that the object of terminating it is to enable the Government to push on its measures, it is obvious that the safeguards which the Rule, as now interpreted, contains will be swept away whenever it is seriously apprehended that the Rule will not do all it was intended to do.

THE CUBAN REFUGEES.

THE question of the Cuban refugees who were arrested by Spanish officers outside the English lines at Gibraltar has assumed an unexpected and puzzling form. According to the original story, the fugitives had been improperly surrendered by an acting police magistrate through a gross and culpable misunderstanding of the orders of the COLONIAL SECRETARY. There was no imputation on the Spanish officers who effected the arrest, as they seem, according to all versions of the transaction, to have discharged their duty. It was, indeed, suspected that functionaries of higher rank might have misrepresented the character of the refugees; but no statement which they could have made would have excused or explained the gross misconduct attributed to the police magistrate. If the demand for extradition had been supported by statements, however plausible, it would still have been the plain duty of the magistrate to require legal evidence of the charge, and also to allow the interval prescribed by law to elapse before he issued a warrant of extradition. The position of the Spanish Government in the matter was not equally clear. It might be discourteous or unfriendly to take advantage of the mistake of a subordinate public officer; but, even if he had been misled by official statements of Spanish authorities, it might be doubtful whether there was ground for a peremptory demand that the prisoner should be restored. No allegations which could by any possibility have been made against the refugees could have justified the magistrate in disregarding the express provisions of the Extradition Acts which give effect to treaties. It might, therefore, be plausibly contended that in strict right the Spanish Government was justified in profiting by a blunder for which it was not in any way responsible. The diplomatic communications arising from the relations of Gibraltar with the neighbouring part of Spain have not unfrequently been affected by an intelligible feeling of irritation. The latest correspondence of the kind ended in a failure to arrive at any common understanding, and the closing despatches of the Spanish Minister and Lord GRANVILLE expressed disappointment, if not dissatisfaction.

Whatever might be the case, it was both undignified and imprudent to complicate the discussion with reproaches and threats addressed to the Spanish Government. If a lawful claim for the surrender of the refugees could be supported, it was right to assume that a foreign Government would do justice as soon as the merits of the transaction were fully understood. In the case of MASON and SLIDELL, who had been, with lawless violence, taken prisoners by an American officer on board an English packet, the English Government, though in consequence of the information which it received it was making active preparations for war, continued to express a conventional confidence that the Federal Government would discharge an obvious duty. It was consequently possible, when Mr. LINCOLN and Mr. SEWARD at the last moment resolved on disregarding popular clamour, to close the controversy with a few courteous phrases. In the present instance it was impossible to suspect that the Spanish Government could have been cognizant of the transaction till it was completed. There is no reason to doubt that Lord GRANVILLE and the English Minister at Madrid have observed the rules of international comity; but hasty English journalists have produced an unpleasant impression by their premature assumption of conditions which, if they had existed, would not have justified the use of overbearing language. When such complications arise, Cabinets and Foreign Ministers are generally inclined to satisfy reasonable demands. Their principal difficulties arise from the zeal of irresponsible patriots who represent due courtesy towards foreign Governments as unworthy deference. It is undesirable to furnish Spanish agitators with pretexts for urging the Government to pursue a disobliging course. At the present moment, when a change of Ministry may probably be impending, it is both ungenerous and indiscreet to cause the actual Government to choose between unpopularity and obstinate rejection of amicable requests.

The statement that the Spanish Cabinet, sitting under the presidency of the KING, had refused to restore the refugees to English custody is happily contradicted. At the time when the refusal was announced, Mr. MORIER had not even asked for the concession. He may perhaps still be waiting for the final account of a proceeding which becomes with every new report more unsatisfactory and

more inexplicable. It now appears that some persons in public employment at Gibraltar must have been accomplices in a scandalous violation of law, involving a breach of the national honour. The prisoners, who had escaped from a Spanish fortress, were not unimportant political offenders. Their chief was the principal lieutenant of CESPEDES, who for many years kept the civil war alive in Cuba. He had, after the death of his leader, for a time commanded the insurgents in chief. It is not explained how he and his followers effected their escape on board an English vessel. Their landing at Gibraltar was anticipated, and, if the latest narrative is true, some of the police must have been bribed to deliver them into the hands of Spanish officers. The Governor and the COLONIAL SECRETARY were of course wholly ignorant both of the arrival of the refugees and of their betrayal to their captors; but it is difficult to understand how the perpetrators of the outrage could hope to escape with impunity. In this version there is no mention of a police magistrate, nor would it appear that there was any pretence of legal extradition. It is stated that on the arrival at Gibraltar of the English ship which contained the fugitives they were refused admission to the fortress on the ground of want of passports. It would have been strange if escaped prisoners had been provided with any documents of the kind. If the rule were enforced, no foreigner in similar circumstances could at any time find refuge or hospitality at Gibraltar. If, in the result of some conceivable revolution, Señor SAGASTA or Marshal SERRANO were to escape from a Republican prison, Gibraltar would be closed to him as a place of refuge. It might have been supposed that in such cases there would be a reference to some higher authority before the police acted on instructions which must have been directed against smugglers and other petty offenders. In 1849 much indignation was felt against a Governor of Malta who refused to allow fugitives from Rome, after the French capture of the city, to land in the island. He may probably have been influenced by devotion to the cause of the POPE; but he defended his conduct on the ground that the presence of a large number of military adventurers would be dangerous to the peace and order of the community. There was no question of remitting the refugees to the custody of the French Commander-in-Chief, who had in fact connived at their escape; nor would the most zealous of ecclesiastical partisans have then ventured to surrender prisoners to the mercy of the restored Papal Government. Whatever was done, the highest local authority acted on his own responsibility. It would seem that the recent surrender of prisoners at Gibraltar was made by subordinate police officers.

Even if the regulation as to passports applied indiscriminately to all comers, the natural consequence of a want of the regular papers would have been a prohibition to land. It seems almost incredible that the police should have apprehended the refugees and taken them to the extreme verge of English jurisdiction, which is within a hundred yards of the Spanish lines. It may perhaps hereafter be necessary for technical purposes to ascertain whether the prisoners were arrested by the Spanish police on the intervening neutral ground. If such a trespass was committed, it was probably unintentional, inasmuch as it was the obvious interest of the captors to avoid all unnecessary irregularity. It is said, with much probability, that the police force must have been ready on the spot in pursuance of some previous arrangement; but the Spanish lines are always provided with a guard, which might be expected to detain any persons who were forcibly expelled from Gibraltar. If it could be proved that the English police were acting under a misapprehension, and not in furtherance of a plot, the presence of a Spanish detachment might perhaps also be explained. It is not improbable that some new colour may be given to the transaction when all the details are fully known. Lord NAPIER of Magdala is not a governor to tolerate gross usurpation of his authority. The measures which may be taken to punish any guilty parties will only concern the English Government and its officers. The negotiations with Spain may be more complicated. It is due to the honour of England that every practicable effort should be made to protect foreign political offenders who at one time found refuge on English territory; but it is not therefore to be inferred that the law of nations should be strained by making imperative demands, which perhaps cannot be sustained, on the Spanish Government. For the miscarriage which has

occurred English functionaries are primarily, and perhaps ultimately, responsible. It would be well if the Spanish Ministers thought fit to make a graceful concession, and it is even possible that they might find an excuse for releasing a captured insurgent not wholly inconvenient. The refusal of a favour is not a just cause of quarrel.

THE FRENCH MINISTRY AND THE CHAMBER.

THE Parliamentary recess in France has come to an end, and the new Ministry has been compelled to meet the Chambers and to at least pretend to have a policy. Apparently it is M. DUCLOUX's personal ambition that has laid this necessity upon his colleagues. Their chances of remaining in office would have been equally good if they had been content to call themselves what the public has insisted on calling them, a Ministry of Affairs. When all men combine to ignore any higher pretensions on the part of the Cabinet it is perhaps best for the Cabinet to accept the humble position assigned to it. That a Ministry of Affairs should be in every one's mouth is at least evidence that the want of such a Ministry is very generally felt. To all appearance, indeed, there is no kind of Ministry that is so much wanted. Political Ministries France has had in abundance, but all that has come of them is confusion. They have unsettled everything that they have touched. All this time the business of the country has been left pretty much to chance, and chance seems to have resented having the burden thrown on her. A system of administration has seldom had a graver series of charges brought against it than that embodied in M. LEROY BEAULIEU's recent article in the *Journal des Débats*. For a time, whatever else might go wrong in France, the finances were sure to go right. That cannot be said of them any longer. In the last two years there has been a steady fall in Rentes. It has been gradual and consequently little noticed, but it has been continuous; and the result is that the Frenchman who has invested his money in his own national debt would have done better to invest it in the national debt of almost any other country in Europe. Money has been withdrawn from Rentes, and has probably been invested in countries which its owners think less exposed to political uncertainties. Possibly the attitude of the Government towards the Religious Orders has been partly the cause of this depression. Some of the Orders are large holders of property, and their natural fear lest the result of dispersion should be confiscation has led them as far as possible to remove these funds from France. Still in France no considerable financial change ever takes place without the small investor being concerned in it. The peasant and the small shopkeeper must to some extent have become alarmed, and have resorted once more to the stocking which, under NAPOLEON III. and under M. THIERS, they had been led to abandon. This is not a good sign for either the prosperity or the tranquillity of France. Wealthy as she is, she cannot afford to allow her wealth to lie idle. M. LEROY BEAULIEU finds no difficulty in explaining the financial distrust which now prevails. It has, like most other things in France nowadays, a political origin. There is one cause above all others, he says, to which everything may be traced. For the last two years the Chambers and the Government have scarcely enjoyed a lucid interval. What they had to do was plain enough. They should have made as few changes as possible, and so by degrees have accustomed the people to the new order of things. Instead of this, they have had their hands always full, and they have found a particular pleasure in upsetting all the interests which M. THIERS was most careful to protect and reassure. It is almost incredible that, with the wonderful spectacle of the financial resurrection of France under M. THIERS's administration full in their recollection, any French Government should have been found rash enough to disregard the teaching conveyed in it. It is not merely, however, that this teaching has been disregarded, it has been altogether set at defiance. Successive Ministries seem to have asked themselves but one question—What would M. THIERS have done in these circumstances?—and to have asked it with a single eye to doing the exact opposite. The result is seen in the downward course of Rentes, and it may be seen hereafter in ways which are more directly political. When a Frenchman distrusts the finances of his Government he is not likely to trust it on any other side of its administration.

Before everything else a French Ministry ought to be able to inspire faith in its power to nurse the revenue and to make business brisk. It may often get blamed for failure in these respects when success has been really beyond its power; but when acute financiers are able to put their finger on the weak place and say, It was because you did this and this that Rentes have gone down, it is certain not to escape. The best attainable remedy for this state of things would be a Ministry which washed its hands of politics and devoted itself to nothing but the necessary business of the country. If such a Ministry could remain in office until the country had determined what it really wants in the way of more ambitious measures, it might by degrees reassure the alarmists who think that a Government which is always meddling in matters which are too high for it must usually be doing mischief.

The objection, no doubt, to a Ministry of this kind is the extreme unlikelihood of its being able to remain in office. The uneasiness, financial and political, of which M. LEROY BEAULIEU speaks is not shared by the Chamber of Deputies. The Assembly is the source from which this uneasiness springs, not the place in which it is felt. It is the misfortune of France that in the slow and inconspicuous crisis through which she is passing, her representatives represent everything except the country of which they are supposed to be the mouthpieces. The French Deputy is, for the most part, elected by a small minority of the constituency to which he owes his seat. He has had a majority of votes; but it is only the number of abstentions that has converted them into a majority. Nothing shows the state of the French representation better than the clamour which is made about the return of a Moderate in place of a Radical, or of a Radical in place of a Moderate. The shades of difference between the two candidates are for the most part too slight to be detected by any eye except that of an election agent. They are both prepared to pull down all that is left of French institutions; but they disagree as to the order in which the successive acts of demolition should be taken. All that the victory proves therefore is that this or that sub-section of the Radical party happens to be the stronger in a particular constituency. The place that the Radical party really fills in the constituency can only be guessed at. But, as far as the Chamber of Deputies is concerned, it is of little moment what this place is. When all the electors who are not Radicals keep away from the polls, it does not matter how few the Radicals are who go to them. This is the sort of Chamber that M. DUCLERC has to deal with, and his object in framing the declaration which was read on Thursday is evidently to do as little as he possibly can, and yet to do enough not to be turned out of office straightway. Unfortunately, to do enough to make this latter result decently probable, he must do a great deal which, if he only consulted the interests of the public, he would leave undone. M. DUCLERC asks the Deputies to put aside from their immediate discussion all questions which are not of a nature to allow at this moment of a harmony of opinions and resolutions; "in plainer terms"—the burst of confidence is quite worthy of Mr. MICAWBER—"of the formation of a Governmental majority." But what are the questions which do at this moment "allow of a harmony of opinions and resolutions"? M. DUCLERC talks of a Bill dealing with habitual criminals, of Bills to amend the law relating to lunatics, to Friendly Societies, to unhealthy dwellings, to Trades-Unions, to joint-stock Companies, to bankruptcy, to sales of estates. But he knows only too well that it is not on measures like these that a Governmental majority can be formed. The existing Chamber has been accustomed to more savoury meat; and, though it will probably throw over the Government which offers it, it will certainly overthrow a Government which offers anything else. Poor M. DUCLERC has to bear this in mind, and the result of his meditation appears in the statement that it specially behoves the Government to settle the long-pending question of judicial organization. In plainer terms, to use his own phrase, he proposes, at a time when the dignity and independence of the magisterial bench are more than ever important, to subject both to assault. No doubt M. DUCLERC will do as little in this way as he thinks consistent with mollifying M. GAMBETTA. But in a matter of this sort the mischief is equally great whether little is done or much. When the judges receive a slap in the face in full court, it is of very little moment whether the glove with which it is given be of silk or leather. The essence of the insult lies in the fact that it is a slap, not in

the material employed. Before M. DUCLERC can "impose" vigorously upon all proper respect for the law" he must impose upon himself some degree of respect for those who administer the law.

ARMY REFORM.

"FLASHES of interest, succeeded in each case by utter indifference to and weariness of the whole subject," is the description given by Sir FREDERICK ROBERTS in the valuable article which he has contributed to the *Nineteenth Century* for the present month, of the attitude of Englishmen towards army reform. He might have said, if he had been in an unconciliatory mood, that the flashes of interest when they come serve, as often as not, to exhibit the incapacity of comprehension which lies beneath them more than anything else. This would have been an ill-tempered remark, and perhaps not a wise one, but that it would not have been wholly untrue has been shown by not a few of the comments made on this very paper. The commentators seem to proceed on a syllogism, the mood and figure of which will not be found stated in logic-books, but which is very frequently exemplified in political discussion. Sir GARNET WOLSELEY is the great advocate of short service and all belonging to it; Sir GARNET WOLSELEY has just won the battle of Tel-el-Kebir; therefore it is impudent and foolish of Sir FREDERICK ROBERTS to offer any criticisms on short service. It would probably be useless to point out to any person whose mental arrangements allow him to use this argument that Sir FREDERICK ROBERTS does not, and indeed did not in his famous Mansion House speech, advocate the abolition of short service, or even to invite his attention to the fact that Tel-el-Kebir, even if it had been a far greater victory than it was, provides no argument for short service, but rather the reverse. Controversialists of this kind, who have come marvellously to the front lately, and with whom, according to Mr. LABOUCHERE, the control of English affairs is to rest in the near future, do not want to be argued with, nor is it any use arguing with them. But the democratic millennium is not yet, however near it may be; and it is still possible, even though the cold fit of which Sir FREDERICK ROBERTS talks is already succeeding the hot, that some attention may be paid to the views he advocates.

Sir FREDERICK ROBERTS does very well to point out that in effect considerable concessions have already been made to those views since he spoke in the City. The period of service in the ranks has been extended, and that in the Reserve lessened; the option given to non-commissioned officers to complete the full term of twenty-one years has been emphasized in the sense of inducing them to exercise it; the age of enlistment has been raised, and the custom of sending out raw recruits to India has been stopped. That these things have had not a little to do with the superior quality of the troops sent to Egypt, in comparison with those sent to South Africa, there can be no doubt. But, as Sir FREDERICK ROBERTS points out, or rather suggests—for on this part of the subject he leaves the reader something to supply—it is impossible to see in the Egyptian expedition a "proof of the pudding" which shows that our army arrangements are satisfactory. In the first place (this he does not notice at all), the proportion of picked troops and troops not belonging to the army proper—that is to say, of the Guards and the Marines—was very large. In the second, as he does not fail to point out, the battalions sent abroad had, contrary to the whole spirit of the system, to be fortified with copious drafts from the Reserves; and in the third, as he hints, much too long a time elapsed between the determination of the Government to begin military operations and the actual completion of the force despatched. The ideal of English military reformers (not a very ambitious one) that an army corps of twenty-five or thirty thousand men shall always be ready to go anywhere and do anything at a week's notice is, as far as the experience of the Egyptian expedition goes, almost as far off as ever. England certainly did send out something like an army corps. But it was not ready in a week, or even in a month; it was only made up by cutting and contriving and trenching on the Reserves; and, lastly, even when it was ready to go, it was notoriously unready to act, because of its entire want of anything like organized transport. This last point need

not be touched, because there is no difference of opinion about it. Long-service advocates and short-service advocates alike admit that our present system of dealing with transport arrangements is probably the most wasteful and certainly the most ineffective that can possibly be imagined.

It is, however, with the question of the time of enlistment that Sir FREDERICK ROBERTS's name is most generally connected, and that question is certainly the most pressing. There has, no doubt, been made in the last eighteen months a very considerable concession to his views. The question now is whether more ought not to be done in the same direction. Those views as now stated are, that not merely non-commissioned officers, but a certain proportion of privates, should be allowed and encouraged to remain in the ranks for more than the eight or nine years which is now the maximum; that regiments for foreign service should be kept up at a full strength of seasoned men, so as to need no drafts from Reserves or from other corps when ordered on service; that the Reserve, which on the CARDWELL-CHILDERS system has notoriously failed to reach anything like the expected numbers, should be provided by bringing the Militia and the Volunteers into closer connexion with the regular army. The first condition is, it will be observed, a modification of the suggestion of a separate foreign army, which Sir FREDERICK ROBERTS was understood to make at the Mansion House, and it is a decided improvement on it. It is indeed hardly more than what all War Secretaries, from Lord CARDWELL downwards, have professed to be aiming at, though they have never been able to bring it about. The last point, important as it is, is, in connexion with the fact that the calculations of the reserve strength have utterly broken down, and that, in view of the recent concessions as to length of service with the colours, they must break down more and more, a very important point, but it is not the most pressing. The most pressing point is the question whether it is possible to get together the required army corps of seasoned troops, ready at a moment's notice, by the system of short service only, or whether that system—indispensable as it undoubtedly is at the present time for the getting together of the army at large—requires to be still further tempered by an admixture of long service. For the latter plan there are two strong arguments, both of which Sir FREDERICK ROBERTS puts. One is the advantage of leavening the ranks with old soldiers. This, of course, is a matter on which there are the widest and the warmest differences of opinion. But all experience is against the advocates of boys, and as for opinion apart from experience it has been already pointed out that the most distinguished advocate of young troops has just achieved a great success by the aid of an army out of which young troops were carefully weeded. The other argument is more novel. It is generally assumed that the short service and Reserve system is popular. But, while there are no doubt many men whose military ardour or whose distaste for civil employment is exhausted in six years, there are, on the contrary, certainly some and probably many whose case is just the reverse. When their time is up they are unwilling to leave, and unfit for civil employment. They cannot all be non-commissioned officers, and perhaps some of them, though they are the stuff for excellent privates, are not the stuff for non-commissioned officers. These good soldiers are forced to become bad civilians, and they go off, perhaps to give the army a bad name, certainly to grumble over its arrangements and to deter recruits from joining it. No one but an arrant doctrinaire can advocate the expulsion of such men from the ranks. For once, the conclusions of general common sense agree to the letter with those of professional experience, and on the other side there is nothing to set but an obstinate theory. To obtain as large a number of recruits as possible by making the conditions of enlistment tempting and light; to keep as large a number of seasoned men as possible, provided they are willing to stay—these are the two aims, not in the least mutually exclusive, which a War Secretary should set before him. What is wanted is, in the first place, a large number of men for a short time; in the second, a smaller number of men for a long time; and the alteration of making the Reserve optional instead of compulsory, and relying on the Militia and Volunteers to supply its deficiencies, certainly seems to meet all requirements. As for recent events, the Afghan, South African, and Egyptian campaigns prove almost to demon-

stration the value of the old soldier—the last as much as the first in respect of his presence, the second in respect of his absence. That the old soldier when wanted ought to be ready in his battalion, and not to be drafted from the Reserve, need not be argued, for there *habemus confidentes*. Now at present, improved though the system has lately been, the way in which he ought not to be got is the only way in which, in most cases, he is to be got.

THE PULLMAN CAR DISASTER.

THE Coroner's inquiry into the death of Dr. ARTHUR by the fire in the Pullman car has made things as clear as the incidents of the case allowed. The verdict of the jury is extremely sensible and straightforward. Their theory as to the origin of the fire may not be demonstrably correct, but it is the most probable of the explanations suggested by the evidence, and it is only put forward as an expression of belief. Their opinion that Dr. ARTHUR might have been saved before the train was taken to the water crane had his position in the car been definitely known, was properly associated with an exoneration of the officials from blame. Railway servants cannot be expected to show more than ordinary judgment and decision in peculiarly trying circumstances, and when a railway carriage is in flames there is room for an allowable difference of opinion as to the best means of putting it out quickly. Dr. ARTHUR's friends will naturally be most interested in the passage in the verdict which relates to his bodily condition at the time when the fire broke out. There is nothing whatever to show that in taking a strong narcotic he did anything more than may fairly have seemed to him the most prudent course for an invalid in view of a long night journey. There would have been ample time for him to sleep off the effects of the dose before the train reached its destination; and a sleepless night is a thing quite unpleasant enough to be avoided, even when it is passed in the comparative comfort of a sleeping-car. It is unfortunate that the eagerness of the railway officials to shift the blame from their own shoulders—where, indeed, it never even presumably rested—should have led them to lay so much stress upon the stupor which they had noticed in Dr. ARTHUR before the train left London. The effect of drugs has before now been mistaken for intoxication, but never before perhaps under circumstances so calculated to injure the character of a dead man or to give pain to his living friends. Dr. ARTHUR's fate may serve as a useful warning to travellers who attach an exaggerated importance to the annoyances of a long journey. It is impossible to be sure that before the influence of a narcotic has passed away they may not be in a position where the full use of their faculties will be needed to save their lives. If Dr. ARTHUR had remembered this contingency he would in all probability have been alive now. A restless night might have caused him much suffering, but it would not have allowed him to be burnt in his bed.

In the opinion of the jury the fire was accidentally caused by Mr. CRANSTOWN's reading-lamp, and they append to their verdict a recommendation that the use of reading-lamps in Pullman cars be strictly forbidden. If the Pullman Car Company, or the railways which use their carriages, do nothing to make such a regulation easier to obey, we may be quite sure that after a very short time no attention will be paid to it. The walls of every railway station are already hung with similar prohibitions which are daily disregarded under the very eyes of the company's officials. A passenger who takes a berth in a sleeping-car may not be at all assured as to his ability to sleep through the night, and if he expects to lie wide awake for the greater part of the journey he may look forward with reasonable dislike to the prospect of having nothing to read by except the dim oil lamp which is all that Railway Companies usually supply. It is not very obvious how the use of a reading-lamp is to be detected, unless, indeed, the conductor is authorized actually to put his head into the passenger's berth and satisfy himself beyond the possibility of mistake that there is no lamp concealed behind the closely-drawn curtains. That would be so unpleasant a duty to perform that we may be sure that the conductors would omit it as soon as they could do so with safety. The prohibition of a reading-lamp would then stand on a level with the prohibition of smoking before the introduction of smoking-carriages. Everybody would know that it existed.

and every one would know that it might be evaded. There can be no insuperable difficulty in providing each berth in a sleeping-carriage with a light which shall be bright enough to read by, and well enough secured to be a source of no danger to the passengers. A screen might be placed, as in the ordinary coaches of the night mail to Scotland, so that the inmate of the berth could shut out the light when he felt sleepy, and withdraw it again if he felt wakeful. It argues some want of invention on the part either of the Pullman Car Company or of the Midland Railway that a passenger should be obliged to carry the means of lighting his berth in a sleeping-carriage about with him. A light which does not enable a man to read is not properly a light at all. When he is asleep, it is not wanted; when he is awake, it answers no useful purpose.

The jury properly call attention to the clause in the Midland Company's rules which prevents an engine-driver from stopping his train at the earliest possible moment after the communication whistle has sounded. The plea alleged in justification of this rule is that the driver ought not to pull up a train until it is under the protection of a signal. Whatever may be happening in the carriages cannot, it is argued, be worse than the risk of being run into by a following train. The fault in this explanation is that it proves too much. Engine-drivers are not absolutely forbidden to stop their train before it is protected by some fixed signal. The trains are provided with an apparatus for signalling which the driver is authorized to use if he is sufficiently impressed by the need for stopping at once. If it is safe to trust to this apparatus in one case, it is safe to trust to it in another; indeed, the more frequently it is used the more familiar railway servants will become with it, and the more accustomed to be constantly on the look-out for it. Under the present rule, the decision whether to stop the train immediately or to run on to the next signal station is taken away from those who at least know the nature and circumstances of the danger, though they may overrate its gravity, and given to a man who in many cases can know nothing whatever about it. The direction to the driver is that when he hears the whistle he is to look back along the train and notice if there is anything to indicate why the alarm has been given. If any cause of alarm could be supposed likely to manifest itself so as to strike the engine-driver's eye, it is a fire of the magnitude of that in which Dr. ARTHUR met his death. But it does not appear to have struck the driver in the first instance; and it is easy to imagine many causes of alarm which could not possibly strike him in the first instance. A lunatic might murder all the inmates of a sleeping-car in succession before any sign of what he was doing would be visible at the other end of the train. If it is worth while to have a communication with the driver at all, it is worth while to have one which is certain to bring the train to a stand in the shortest time in which the steam can be shut off and the brake applied. Where the alarm is given from a Pullman car, there is not even the excuse for disregarding it which there would be if it came from an ordinary carriage. It is almost impossible that it should be given without the conductor's knowledge, and exceedingly unlikely that it should be given except by his direction.

MR. GREEN RELEASED.

MR. GREEN being now a free man, to the comfort of all Christian and reasonable people, we may profitably review the conduct of the principal characters of the drama, as they reveal themselves in the closing tableau presented in Lord PENZANCE's Court. Mr. GREEN himself gave a new significance and force to the stale jest of being "conspicuous by his absence." He had no business there, for in his own eyes he was no longer vicar of Miles Platting, not because the law had been too much for him, but because he had voluntarily placed his resignation in his patron's hands. What might be done for or against him in connexion with the jurisdiction which he abhorred was a matter on which he had precluded himself from having any opinion. Of this resignation of course Lord PENZANCE took not the slightest notice; but it was creditable in Mr. GREEN to have done an act intended to relieve his zealous patron from a dilemma which would otherwise have been very embarrassing. Sir PERCIVAL HETWOOD would not recognize Lord PENZANCE's deprivation, and yet, if he did not fill up the living within the prescribed

time, it would lapse to the Bishop, and he would find himself ousted from all his interest in the parish.

The speech of Mr. CHRISTIE, who represented the Bishop of MANCHESTER, was straightforward and gentlemanlike; he was followed by Mr. JEUNE, whom we must regard as the mouthpiece of the Church Association speaking to his brief. In that character we must confess that he raises our astonishment, though not our admiration. We have learnt to expect much from the Church Association, but they have at length succeeded in transcending our most sanguine anticipations when "they emphatically disclaimed all responsibility for the duration of Mr. GREEN's imprisonment." Of course, poor, innocent, benevolent people, they knew less than any one else of it; perhaps it was the LORD MAYOR, perhaps it was the KHEDIVE, perhaps it was the MAHDI himself who plotted the act, but not the Church Association. In the eyes of their fellow-subjects the Association seemed to have some external connexion with the proceeding; but even this might have been obviated had it not been for the obtuse perversity of the Bishop of MANCHESTER. "If a curate had been appointed on the issue of the inhibition, such imprisonment need not have occurred at all." So, then, the murder is out at last, and it seems that Mr. GREEN, in being subjected to the protracted wrong and inconvenience of his imprisonment, followed as it was by deprivation, was merely made use of as the handy whipping-boy of the Bishop of MANCHESTER, because that proud prelate declined to act as by law he was in no way compelled to do, and preferred to please himself and the parishioners of Miles Platting by leaving Mr. GREEN's curate to perform the services instead of intruding any other curate for the gratification of the Church Association. This shameless confession of the policy of the persecuting Society will not, we should think, be easily forgotten, if caucuses and clôtures have not sapped the old English respect for liberty.

But, after all, the spirit of Lord PENZANCE's judgment is that which will attract most notice. This was a golden opportunity for a judge of tact and of large heart to shape his decision so as, without compromising his convictions, to reinstate himself in the regards of that portion of the Church with which he must know himself not to be very popular. It was an act of mercy that he was being called on to perform, and the person before him was one who had suffered long and gravely for an offence the real extent of which, in contrast with its legal enormity, it is well to review. Mr. GREEN had not thrown a parish of divided sentiments into confusion, for his parishioners were all with him, and his three accusers were hired outsiders. Nor was his ritual the capricious extravagance of the *Directorium Anglicanum*, but something very little, if at all, beyond that recognized High Church form of worship which dignitaries now tolerate and encourage. How did Lord PENZANCE use an opportunity such as had never before been his to deal with? Of course he paid the conventional compliment to Mr. GREEN as an "educated man of blameless character"; but there his sympathy began and ended. The judgment, from one end to the other, runs on like one of the storms to which we have lately been accustomed, sometimes sighing, sometimes roaring, in a tone now carping and nagging, and then ominously booming while it buffets Mr. GREEN, as one who had, by the perverse obstinacy of his conscientiousness, brought the jurisdiction of the Public Worship Act, and of those who represent it, into much unpopularity. While, however, the Judge bears so heavily upon the unfortunate clergyman, who had been, we should have thought, sufficiently punished by being imprisoned and deprived, without the superadded torture of being lectured, he has not a word to bestow of criticism, however mild, on the persistent spitefulness of that ring of malignant busybodies who have for years been keeping the Church of England in hot water because an inoffensive vicar in a squalid suburb of Manchester chose to conduct his services with forms which were much comfort to parishioners who have but little enjoyment of the good things of this life, and because a Bishop, over whom neither they nor Mr. GREEN had any control, refuses to please them about the choice of a curate. Meek silence was all which Lord PENZANCE had to exhibit to men who tell him so plainly that they care nothing for him or for his office, and nothing for the Episcopate whose justiciary he claims to be, except as they can employ office, Judge, and Bishops as instruments for carrying out their own policy. This is not the place to argue whether Mr.

GREEN might or might not have submitted under protest. Lord PENZANCE, who has his feelings about the Church Association so well under control, is ill advised enough to betray his soreness at the vicar of Miles Platting having taken another course, for to him Miles Platting and the Church of England in general exist for a functionary whom he does, and Mr. HUBBARD does not, believe to be the Dean of Arches. Lord PENZANCE's final reason for decreeing the release deserves to be recited in his own remarkable language:—"Anything like an attempt to obtain 'from him a recognition, however tardy, of the duty 'which he owes to his Sovereign and to his country in 'rendering a willing compliance to the laws under which 'he lives, and under which he held his preferments, 'would involve a struggle with him entirely beneath the 'dignity of the Court.'" These are brave words; but not the kind of brave words which used to come from the lips of a HOLT, a MANSFIELD, or a STOWELL. In fact, it might be hinted that they are a little burlesque. The "dignity 'of the Court" has before now led its representative to perpetrate many strange sayings and doings; but we never recollect its having prompted a Judge to propose to obtain from a clergyman who had abandoned preferment rather than tamper with conscientious convictions a recognition, either ready or tardy, of the duty which he owes to his Sovereign to pull off his green stole, and of the duty which he owes to his country to snuff out his candles. The Judge speaks words of wisdom when he declares at last that this attempt would be entirely beneath the dignity of the Court; but he would have consulted his own dignity a little more completely if he had not chosen the open Court for the process of audibly reaching a conclusion at once sound and inglorious. If the Ritualists err in mistaking the proportions of things, doomsters can hardly be acquitted when they perpetrate the absurdity of propounding their own construction of rubrical niceties with Sinaitic thunders. Lord PENZANCE may have heard that keeping Mr. GREEN in prison was doing much harm to the cause dear to the Church Association; so he may have thought it worth while to try how little good to the same cause letting Mr. GREEN out could effect. Eight years have elapsed since the Public Worship Act became law, and all men, from the Episcopate downwards, except the Church Association and Lord PENZANCE, have grown heartily sick of it. Till this recent exhibition, we had hoped that facts might have had some effect even upon the Judge. A Royal Commission is sitting to reform the ecclesiastical judicature. Will it be able to reform the ecclesiastical judiciary?

NEW STREETS AND OVERCROWDING.

THE case of SPENCER *v.* the Metropolitan Board of Works, which was tried before Mr. Justice CHITTY on Monday, may serve to remind those who interest themselves in the housing of the London poor how little has yet been done to make that housing any better. The question raised by the action had reference to the interpretation of the 33rd Section of the Metropolitan Improvements Act of 1877. In form this question was highly technical; but Mr. Justice CHITTY had really to decide whether some five thousand people in the parish of St. Giles-in-the-Fields should be driven to pack themselves a little closer in that already overcrowded district. The plaintiff owns sixty-three houses inhabited by the labouring classes, and the Metropolitan Board wish to remove these houses, in order to make a new street from Piccadilly Circus to New Oxford Street. Accordingly the Board served the plaintiff, first with a notice to treat for the purchase of his houses, and next with a notice that a jury would be summoned to assess the purchase-money and compensation. It may be supposed that the plaintiff was not satisfied with the amount he expected to get from a jury, for, by way of reply to these notices, he disputed the right of the Board to take down his houses. The Act, he maintained, marked out two conditions, by satisfying one or other of which the Board might do all that they wanted to do; and neither of these conditions has been complied with. Before the Board can take, for the purposes of the Act, fifteen or more houses occupied by the labouring classes, they must prove to the satisfaction of the Secretary of State that sufficient accommodation for the displaced inmates has been provided upon certain specified lands; and, in order to the fulfilment of this condition, the Board are

directed from time to time to acquire or appropriate land, and to sell or let the same for the erection of dwellings for the labouring class. The Secretary of State is empowered, however, to waive this condition, provided that the Board is able to prove to his satisfaction that the required accommodation has been provided elsewhere. In the present case, the Board has not proved to the satisfaction of the SECRETARY of STATE that the necessary accommodation has been provided on certain specified lands, nor had they obtained the consent of the SECRETARY of STATE to forego this proof. Their contention was that the time for making their choice between these alternatives had not arrived. They admitted that before taking possession of more than fifteen houses they were bound to provide in some way for the displaced tenants; but they maintained that, as they had not yet taken possession of the houses, they had not come under the obligations imposed by the Act. Thus the whole question turned on the meaning of the word "take" in the 33rd Section. Is it equivalent to purchase or to taking possession? Mr. Justice CHITTY held that it is equivalent to purchase, and that, as the Board had bought the plaintiff's houses, subject to the assessment of the purchase-money by a jury, they had taken them within the meaning of the Act. That being so, it was admitted that the Board had no case. They had done what they are permitted to do under one of two conditions, without having fulfilled either of them. Accordingly an injunction was granted, and the Board were forbidden to go any further with the purchase until they had complied with the proviso in the 33rd Section of the Act. Mr. Justice CHITTY did not say that the interests of the labouring classes would not be well protected under the Statute as interpreted by the Board, but he thought that they would be still better protected under the Statute as interpreted by the plaintiff, and he saw no ground for cutting down the intention of the Legislature.

The decision, if it is not upset, is important, because it is more and more evident that if anything effectual is done to provide the London poor with better houses, it will be done in connexion with the construction of new streets. The hope on which the Artisans' Dwellings Acts were founded is essentially a hope deferred. The municipal authorities are less anxious than was expected to put the Acts in force, and for some cause or other there is not much eagerness on the part either of philanthropic Companies or of speculative builders to take the cleared spaces off the authorities' hands. As the schemes contemplated by the Acts, even when they were most numerous and most vigorously pushed forward, never kept pace with the crying demand for more accommodation, the huge arrears of bad and insufficient housing remain untouched. Here and there a block of new buildings may be met with, but in comparison with the new buildings that are needed they amount to nothing. It must be admitted that the difficulties of carrying out the full design of the Acts have proved unexpectedly great; and as yet, though the Acts have been tinkered more than once, no great good seems to have come of them. The making of new streets, on the other hand, is a process that is much more likely to be pushed on vigorously. The interests of the neighbourhood are concerned in improvements of this kind, and the Metropolitan Board gets credit for undertaking and carrying them through. If, however, they are carried through without reference to the interests of the poor inhabitants of the districts through which the new streets pass, they cannot fail to inflict on them very great additional suffering. New streets are seldom laid out in wealthy and fashionable neighbourhoods. These streets sufficient for all purposes exist already. Where new streets are wanted is among those nests of dwellings that were either squalid to begin with, or have become squalid from lapse of time and change of circumstance. Here, though the necessities of traffic call for better means of communication, the necessities of the inhabitants call at the very least for no farther curtailment of the space already too scanty in which they have to live. In the first instance, the second of these necessities was entirely put out of sight. Railways and streets were planned with wanton disregard of what might happen to the poor who were turned out of their houses to make room for them. Now that Parliament has a better sense of its duties, and has forbidden the making of more improvements on this same easy-going principle, the Metropolitan Board find that their action is inconveniently fettered by new restraints. What the Board desire is to recoup them-

selves for the cost of the new streets out of the money they get from the houses to be built in them. But if these houses are to be inhabited by the poor whom the making of the street has displaced, the gratification of this wish must be seriously interfered with. Houses let out in rooms to weekly tenants are not likely to yield a profit which will repay the Board for the large outlay they have necessarily incurred; and as a consequence of this, there have been numerous attempts on the part of the Board, either by litigation or by legislation, to get the severity of the recent Acts abated.

The argument usually employed is the increased facilities which railways afford for living some little way out of London. Why, it is asked, when land in St. Giles's is wanted for other purposes, and can only be had at a price which makes it essential from a business point of view to devote it to other purposes, should the poor want to live there any longer? There are healthier situations to be had five miles out, and there are Railway Companies willing to carry the men to and from their work at convenient hours and low fares. There is no need for any public body to busy itself about the provision of new houses in these outlying districts. Private enterprise is doing this quite fast enough, and all that is wanted to stimulate it to still greater activity is greater readiness on the part of the poor to move into the houses when they are built. The main thing which prevents this greater readiness from showing itself is the weak kindness of Parliament in insisting on the provision of fresh accommodation for displaced tenants in the very district in which they have been accustomed to live. The answer to this reasoning—the conclusive answer, as it seems to us—in many cases lies in the old plea that the poor cannot be thus sent into the suburbs without suffering greatly by the change. It is true that a man's work has often little or no reference to the place where he happens to live. He goes to one part of London to-day and to another part next month, just as the requirements of his particular trade determine. But this is mainly true of the skilled artisan, and the classes with which this question has most to do are usually below the skilled artisan. They work for particular shops, which will not move because they move, and their work being necessarily precarious they may lose it altogether if they do not happen to be close at hand when it has to be done. Nor is it the men of a family only that work among the London poor. There are an infinity of humble industries in which the women and children of a family find employment. They are charwomen, or milkmaids, or shoeblacks, or errand boys. How are these trades to be carried on if the whole family lives miles away? A workman's season ticket is a serious addition to the rent of a house in the suburbs. What would it be if the mother and three or four children had to take season tickets as well? There is no escape therefore from the necessity of living near their work. If they go away from it, it will go away from them. The true remedy for the dilemma in which the Metropolitan Board find themselves—a dilemma of which we do not at all wish to underrate the difficulty—is not to be looked for in any relaxation of the safeguards with which Parliament has surrounded the execution of Metropolitan improvements. The sooner the Board get this idea out of their heads the sooner they may hope to enter upon some more profitable line of inquiry.

THE LATE PROFESSOR PALMER.

THERE is now, unhappily, no doubt whatever that the worst of the reports which have been brought up from the Desert with so many contradictions is the true one. Professor Palmer's party was attacked at midnight in the Wady Sudr, a short distance south-east of Ayūn Mūsa, by a mixed band of ruffians sent down for the purpose from El Arish or Nakhil, probably under orders from Cairo. There was fighting, and the friendly Sheikh who accompanied Palmer, with his nephew and the money which Palmer was taking to his allies of the Desert, escaped. In the morning they were surrounded and taken prisoners, being five against thirty or forty. They appear to have been kept in uncertainty for two or three days; then they were informed that their death was resolved upon. Apparently a choice was offered them; for Palmer (who was known in the Desert as the Sheikh Abdullah and seems to have been taken by his captors for a Syrian) and Gill leaped over the precipice, while Charrington, with the three servants, was shot. Colonel Warren, whose conduct of the expedition sent in search of the party seems beyond praise, ascertained by direct evidence of prisoners, not only the particulars of the massacre, but also the names of the murderers, and probably

by this time has some of them at least in safe custody. It is to be hoped that no false sentiment will interfere with the condign punishment due for the crime. Sad, indeed, it is to reflect that thus should have been caused the death, not only of these two gallant and promising officers, but also of a scholar whose attainments have been equalled by few, and whose work in his own field, comparatively young as he was, has been surpassed by none.

Palmer's biography, which might be, and we hope will be, told at length, may be here indicated in a few lines. He was born at Cambridge in the year 1840. By some lucky accident he became early in life acquainted with the late Rev. George Skinner, formerly Fellow and Tutor of Jesus, afterwards Chaplain of King's, who first, it would seem, introduced him to the study of Oriental languages, and gave him the rudiments of Arabic. When he was sixteen or so he made, as has happened to many men, a false start in life; he went into a merchant's office in London, proposing to enter upon a commercial career. While in this work he is said to have learned colloquial French by the simple method of frequenting restaurants and cafés haunted by Frenchmen. Italian he also learned during the City period by a journey or residence in Italy; and he appears to have continued his Oriental studies while still in a London office. Finally, when it became, one may suppose, quite clear to himself as well as his friends that in no work connected with buying and selling would his abilities be of the least use to him, he gave up the City. Indeed, of business aptitude Professor Palmer possessed none whatever; few men have shown less ability to look after their own interests than he; in every transaction of his life money seems to have been the last thing thought of. At the age, then, of twenty-three, when most men have taken their degree, he entered at St. John's College, Cambridge, where he graduated in the year 1867, taking a third class in Classical Honours. The College seems to have learned by this time that it possessed that rarest of students—one with a "turn" for Oriental studies. It is indeed amazing, when one comes to think of it, that the absolute necessity and steady demand for Oriental scholarship created by our vast Eastern possessions has not long since caused the foundation and rapid development in the Universities of a flourishing school for such studies.

The Governing Body of St. John's, however, did what they could. They gave Palmer a Fellowship. When, three or four years later, the Lord Almoner's Professorship of Arabic fell vacant by the resignation of Mr. Theodore Preston, the late Dr. Wellesley, then Dean of Windsor, elected Palmer to the office. This lucky windfall enabled him to keep his Fellowship even after marriage. Before his election, however, he had made two journeys in the Sinaitic Desert, the second of which, for audacity and success, was only equalled by his last adventurous expedition. He accompanied Captain (now Sir Charles) Wilson on the Survey of Sinai as interpreter, collector of traditions, and reader of inscriptions. On the completion of the Survey he undertook for the Committee of the Palestine Exploration Fund a journey through and across the Desert of the Tih, accompanied by his friend Mr. C. F. Tyrwhitt Drake alone. They walked the whole way, having neither escort nor dragoman, but trusting entirely to Palmer's power of conciliating the Arabs, a power which never failed him. The results of the journey were embodied in a work called the *Desert of the Exodus*.

The last ten years of his life were spent at home, and given up to work as continuous and as arduous as was ever attempted by any one man. Ill health and domestic trouble caused by the long illness and death of his wife caused no interruption. The enumeration of his labours during these years is astonishing. Dictionaries in Arabic and Persian, grammars and manuals of Oriental tongues, editions of Arab and Persian poems, a History of Jerusalem, the editing of the voluminous memoirs of the Survey of Western Palestine, the translation and transliteration of the name-lists for that work, correspondence with Oriental scholars all over the world, a translation into Persian of the New Testament and of the Koran into English, verses from Swedish, Arabic, Persian, Romany, and Urdu, a continual flow of articles and papers for reviews and magazines, form his literary budget for these years. In addition to all this, he had for more than a year become a journalist; he had lectured regularly during term; he had taken a great part in organizing the Oriental Languages Tripos; he had received a good many pupils; and he had examined continually for the Civil Service Commission. In the midst of so many labours it would seem as if he could not find for recreation a single hour in the day or night unoccupied. Yet there was never a man who took greater delight in the society of his friends, and there was seldom a day in which he could not find an hour or two to give them. For, in fact, this man of many books was the least bookish of men. There was not in him the smallest touch of pedantry; perhaps, from a literary point of view, he was careless of form; no other writer of verse, for instance, was less affected by the fashions, mannerisms, and conceits of the day—a thing easy to be understood when it is remembered that he never read any modern poets at all. Certainly no man, not even Palmer, could know the whole *corpus* of literature; though perhaps he might, one thinks, had length of years been allotted to him, have remedied the confusion of Babel, and restored to the human race, after learning all languages, the primitive tongue. It is bewildering even to think of the groups and families of languages which this scholar might have grasped in his comprehensive brain; it fills one with despair to realize the grievous, the irremediable loss to philology brought by the destruction of one man.

He went to meet his fate with a light heart. He rejoiced, in the brief letters which he sent home, in the hope of doing something "for our side"; he was proud of the mission with which he was entrusted; it seemed to him a great thing—as indeed it was—that he should be found, as those who sent him out assured him truthfully, "the only man in the Empire who could be despatched to do the work." The only man! Yes; it was even so. And since he was the only man who could do that work; since, moreover, it was a great achievement, unique and of vast national importance, which he was sent to accomplish, and did accomplish; since, also, everybody by this time knows in general terms the secret of his embassy, is it not time for the Government to cease from their vague references to "Professor Palmer's patriotic and gallant conduct," and to proclaim with pride that there has been one more noble deed done by an Englishman, and that man not a soldier or man of arms, but a simple Cambridge scholar, of stature small and feeble arm? We may assume that before long some form of memoir or durable record of this remarkable man will be prepared by his friends; and no doubt full justice will then be done to his memory in connexion with the late campaign. Surely, however, it would be graceful, and perhaps patriotic, were this simple justice done to him in the place where justice should be done to every man who deserves well of his country—the House of Commons.

Not only was the late Professor Palmer the least bookish of scholars; he was also skilled and practised in many of those arts which seem, to persons of dull imagination, incompatible with the serious pursuit of learning. For example, he could act; he could paint; he was even an adept in the art of legerdemain; he knew not only how the tricks of conjurors are accomplished, but he could also do them—which is a very different thing. You may show a dozen men how to "palm" a card, yet not one of them will be able to do it, save in clumsy and palpable fashion; the method employed for the concealment and passage of coins may be demonstrated before a whole roomful of people, yet not one be able to deceive by means of that knowledge. On one occasion Professor Palmer, with another as clever as himself, attended an afternoon performance of a well-known conjurer, and in the evening performed every single trick in a drawing-room. He could also do what is called "thought-reading," and he was able to do this, with many other wonderful things, including mesmerism, because he possessed to a very remarkable degree the faculty of sympathy; not the common and feminine power of grieving with those who mourn, but the wider power of understanding others and of looking at things from their point of view. Thus he seemed to understand by a kind of instinct, and without the necessity of words, what people were thinking about. It was a faculty which, allied as it was in him with a rare unselfishness, endeared him to his friends, and gave him extraordinary power over all kinds of men. Some men obtain this power by the display of strength and courage. It is rarer to find it associated with this possession of the highest form of sympathy. Palmer possessed it, and by its means he compelled the hearts of all, whether of men or women in the realm of England, or of the wild tribes between the Mount of Aaron and the Springs of Moses. It is a faculty which cannot be acquired, but it may be trained and developed; and one can easily imagine that it requires before all a kindly nature, and that it may be most easily crushed and destroyed by the cultivation of the passions of envy, hatred, malice, and uncharitableness, from which Professor Palmer, if any man, was entirely free.

LORD ROSEBERY AT EDINBURGH.

TO lecture to Scotchmen on patriotism is about as necessary as to send owls to Athens. Some Scotch students, however, seem to need rather stringent lessons on common decency; and these the Rector of Edinburgh University, Lord Rosebery, did not find it opportune to give in his address to his singular constituents. The custom of the Scotch Universities is to permit the youths that frequent them to elect some person of distinction as Rector. The duties of the Rector are to make a speech and to endure being pelted with peas. For some reason, all popular academic "functions" always stir up the mud of academic life and bring it to the surface. At Oxford you see men howling like demons in the gallery at Commemoration whom you never notice elsewhere. They are unknown at Cowley, on the river, in the schools. Once a year they annoy the visitors and discredit the University. Edinburgh seems to be rich in the same class of cubs. The report that the students hustled and "bonnetted" a new Professor, an Englishman, before Lord Rosebery's lecture seems to have been the invention of a courteous and accurate local journal. Some of the men certainly illustrated Scotch hospitality and Scotch patriotism in a sufficiently offensive manner. Scotch religion suffered at their hands when Professor Flint opened the business with a prayer. If the prayer had been in Latin we might advance the excuse that many of the students, fresh from country schools, did not understand the language and did not know what was going on. But the prayer was couched in the English tongue, and was interrupted by boisterous horse-play. The rest of the ceremonies were conducted under a galling fire of peas, which caused illustrious visitors to put up their umbrellas. When Lord Rosebery had spoken at very great length, but not in

a very amusing style, parties of the students went and broke windows at the close of a torchlight procession. On the whole, the performances were at least on a level with the worst that has yet been attempted by rowdy "smugs" in the English Universities. The Academic year has thus begun with great promise, and the advantage of possessing a Lord Rector has been illustrated afresh. Only the presence of the "man in the red tie" was wanting to make the festivities thoroughly satisfactory to all but the insulted visitors.

Lord Rosebery's address, as we have said, was not remarkable for vivacity. Had it been delivered before instead of after the pea-throwing, even that excess might have been regarded as an almost excusable reaction against the speech. The breaking of windows may, perhaps, be palliated on the same grounds. The difficulty of lecturing on Scotch patriotism lies in the singular belief of many Lowlanders that they are Celts. Their ancestors knew better, and hated a Highlander as a Border settler in America hates an Indian. But when Lord Rosebery said, with perfect truth, "It is good for the Empire that we should preserve our nationality," the students cheered for the Celtic chair, and for that eminent Celt, Professor Blackie. Lord Rosebery, too, said, "Suppose the English had effaced your race, as the ancient Picts were effaced, and colonized the country with her own people." Suppose, indeed! Why that is precisely what the English did nearly up to the Highland line. The language of the Scotch kingdom was English, the blood of the nobles was Norman, that of the people was English and Scandinavian, with those remains of Celtic race which exist in England as much as in the Lowlands. The character of the Lowland Scot is at the opposite pole to that of the pleasing and courteous, but untrustworthy, Celt. Mr. Carlyle was a typical Lowland Scot, as "dour" and morbid as his own east wind and as English and Scandinavian blood, soured by a bleak environment, could make him. Scotchmen, exclusive of Celts, are Yorkshiremen or Northumbrians carried to a higher power. They have the same caution, irony, courage, and "dourness," only rather more so. The character is well worth preserving, as every distinction of character is, in a cosmopolitan age. That was Lord Rosebery's argument, and most people will agree with his conclusions. "If the whole world were peopled by a single race, however perfect, life would lose much of its interest and charm." It would also lose a very great deal of its humour. Whether the Scotch do or do not possess this quality (and, in spite of their maligners, we believe some of them do), they are the cause of the exercise of humour in others. So are members of all nations and races; the nigger contributes his share; good things have been said by Maori and Murri; the Dutchman has often been a standing joke, though he had the best of the laugh in South Africa. The Englishman himself is a great source of mirth to the French and Italians. Our teeth, which project about a yard; our Scotch bonnets, which we always wear; the ringlets of our women, and their boots—these things are the delight of Southern Europe. Even the Yankee has added to the gaiety of nations. Mr. Howells talks much of the "great American joke" which all the citizens are "in." That jest amuses us too. Part of the joke is to say, like Mr. Howells, that fiction has become "a finer art" since those bad old models—Dickens and Thackeray—were removed. Part of the joke is to call English "an insular dialect," and Irving's *Knickerbocker* book the greatest humorous effort of the century.

If no remarks like these provoke,
Come, live with us, and share the joke,

cry the American men of letters, and we laugh merrily at their patriotic fun. Thus, setting aside graver matters and "the bonny Highland regiments that sprang first into the trenches at Tel-el-Kebir," the mere humours and contrasts of nations justify the existence of patriotism. By all means let the Scotch continue to be themselves. We would not have the "Edinberry" accent less acute, or that of Fifeshire prolonged into a less wailing and musical drawl. We desire not to see briefer bills in Edinburgh hotels, or more courtesy among Scotch railway porters. We would not whistle on the Sawbath, if to do so is to shake one thorn out of the Scotch thistle; and never, never may Germany and Mr. Robertson Smith impair the "fundamentals" of Covenanting religion. If these things are essentially necessary, and if without them Scotch breakfasts, marmalade, hospitality, pluck, kindness, and perseverance are to perish, then we wish eternal endurance to the Edinburgh accent and the strictest form of the Sabbath. Perhaps the students may even be allowed to burn an English professor now and then on a few files of the courteous and patriotic *Scotsman*, if that practice alone can keep alive the sacred fire of the Scottish genius. But we trust that such extreme measures may not be necessary. While Professor Blackie still writes prose and verse, disregarding "the laws of God and man, and metre," while he still quotes Greek untrammelled by grammar or accent, and is still learning to spell whisky in Gaelic, the spirit of Scotia is not wholly subdued, her coat of arms is not "tore," like that of Miss Squeers, nor has her sun gone down behind the Western wave.

When we have agreed with Lord Rosebery that patriotism and national character, and especially Scotch patriotism and national character, are excellent things, there does not seem to remain much more to say on the subject. Lord Rosebery thinks English feeling shows itself in an impatience of Scotchmen (he said "Scotsmen") and Irishmen. One must look very close to discern the impatience. No other people in the world would have

tolerated the Irish, nay, petted them, as we do. As for the Scotch in England, they live even as the English, only more purely and strenuously. Their excellent qualities are everywhere the topics of praise; their modesty and diffidence are frequently applauded in the highest circles. Or rather, in England the distinction of Scotch and English is almost obliterated and forgotten; it is only remembered in Scotland, where people have more time on their hands. The Scotch have a good quality not noticed by Lord Rosebery, for which Mr. Butcher praised the Greeks, in his inaugural address at Edinburgh. The Scotch have in some degree the happy art of forgetting, and do not make themselves miserable, as the Irish would do, over Flodden and Culloden, Ancrum Moor, Dunbar, Pinkie, Mains, Falkirk, and all the rest of it. In Ireland the recollection of these affairs would yearly be kept fresh in Protestant and Catholic blood. In Scotland people have forgotten the details, and the Darien business, and only remember that they are Scotch as a source of joyous pride, unmingled by a sense of ancestral grievances. Thus, as Lord Rosebery says, "Scotland has preserved her fundamentals. She retained her Church, her law, and her teaching." Her Church most of her members of Parliament are pledged, we believe, to disestablish, by way of giving a lead over the stiffer fence of the Church of England. This is part of what Lord Rosebery well calls "the historical conservatism" of the Scotch people. As to her "law," especially her marriage law, that is almost indispensable to the British novelist, who would feel hampered without Scotch marriages. Of her "teaching" not very much is known, as Mr. Jebb lately remarked with particular reference to the scholastic methods of a brother Professor. Nobody wants, then, to rob Scotland of anything that is hers. She is already what Lord Rosebery only hoped she might become, "the envy of mankind"—that is, of all of mankind who appreciate a splendid fishing and shooting country, and a hardy though humble people. "A kindly Scot," the old term of the ballad, is usually deserved by Caledonians when they are not thinking about their nationality, and do not feel it necessary to be stern and wild and unkempt. There is no real virtue in wildness; and combs, though once regarded as magical instruments, have long been quite familiar. The Scot does most credit to his country, and so is most a patriot, when he is not thinking it necessary to assert his patriotism at the top of his voice. If the world replied to the cry "Scotland for the Scotch" by saying "Nothing but Scotland for the Scotch," the land of cakes would soon be inconveniently crowded. Scotchmen who have emigrated seldom bluster about their native land. They leave that to blatant provincialism.

THE INDIANS AT WIMBLEDON.

IT is said that the Crown Law Officers have come to the relief of Mr. Gladstone's conscience on the subject of Colonel Stanley's now celebrated poser to Lord Hartington on Tuesday. There can be little doubt that such is the fact; for what is the good of Liberal Crown Officers, as Liberalism is now understood, except to find excuses for Mr. Gladstone's actions? Nevertheless, the logical mind, independent of party, will probably admit that the Bill of Rights has a case against the member for Midlothian. Indian troops are Indian troops, be they few or many; and Mr. Gladstone, of all men, ought not to deny that an army may be made of detachments from different regiments. In other days, the Last Dying Speech of the Bill of Rights, Faithfully Reported as Uttered on Wimbledon Common, would have made its appearance in broad-sheet before now. But we are not so frivolous as our ancestors; and, indeed, it is ill jesting with Mr. Gladstone. After his oration on Wednesday, when he was good enough to constitute himself the evident sense of a House which, by his own showing, had not allowed itself the opportunity of having any sense on the subject, *tace* ought to be Latin for a candle with all wise men. The Bill of Rights must be left to groan and die—unless, perchance, it is necessary to resuscitate it some day when Mr. Gladstone, or Mr. Gladstone's successors, find it convenient. After all, it is a pleasing addition to the already goodly list of instances in which Mr. Gladstone in office has turned his back upon Mr. Gladstone out of office. Besides, everybody is very glad to see a deputation of the Indian army among us. It may, indeed, seem to be cruel kindness to invite them over here in November, and to put them on the very coldest spot near London, with the exception of the hills to the north. But, if their arrival had been hastened or postponed, it would not have been so convenient for Mr. Gladstone; and that consideration closes all mouths. With one hand he abolishes the British Constitution, with the other he summons men of Ind from the furthest East to witness his triumph. It is certain that, if anybody else had proposed *Clôture*, Mr. Gladstone would have opposed it; and it is certain that when other people summoned men of Ind from the furthest East Mr. Gladstone opposed that. But what does it matter? Mr. Gladstone has a better defence even than the candid person who asked, "Because I was a fool yesterday, is that any reason why I should be a fool to-day?" He does not admit that he was a fool yesterday, or any day, which is indeed a sacrilegious thought. Nor was he. He did and said what suited him then, and he does and says what suits him now. The course of conduct is not unknown to Orientals, and it is probable that the visitors will fully understand it.

For those visitors themselves, let it be repeated, no Englishman

who is an Englishman can have anything but a hearty welcome. The people who were troubled about the Holy Carpet will perhaps be alarmed at this embassy of unbelievers; but, on the other hand, there is a fine opening for tracts at Sutherland House. It is to be sincerely hoped that the ruthless interviewing which was practised on Cetewayo will not be tried here, and that if it is, Sir Henry Davy and the other authorities will have the good sense to stop it. If it were not for the incorrigible stupidity of many Englishmen, no warning of the kind would be necessary; but as it is, it probably is necessary. The great British public may be profitably requested to remember that these tried soldiers are not savages, that some of them at least are of very good blood and breeding, that all of them know Englishmen already, and that in all probability none of them are fools. The United Kingdom Alliance and the Anti-Vaccination Society, the Salvation Army, and the Anti-Tobacco League may be civilly desired to keep their hands off. Although an English November is not exactly a suitable time for them to see England, and though it is not easy to conceive a more deplorable being than a Madrassee or a Scinde man in a good peasoup fog, England, and even London, contains plenty of sights which are worth seeing, and which they would probably enjoy seeing. They would have liked Wimbledon much better in July, doubtless, and the Wimbledon meeting then would not have been a bad sight for them. But that cannot be helped. Lord Hartington, in what was for him a really expansive speech (just before Colonel Stanley posed him so terribly), undertook to make their visit satisfactory in all respects. That is vague, but in itself satisfactory. Let it be hoped that the exertion of reconciling 1882 with 1878 will not distract Lord Hartington's mind too much from his very creditable determination.

The irrepressible reporter has of course begun to be foolish on the subject. The writer who has discoursed of the "fierce red-breeched Beloochee" in the *Times* must be a near relation of him who dilated the other day on the "fearful blue of the Marines." But it is true that the Beloochees wear red breeches, and that is not the worst trial which they have undergone. There was once a Beloochee corps, which may or may not be still in existence, and on which its inventive commandant inflicted a uniform whereof the chief component parts were a green tunic and magenta trousers—a fact which shows that Major Gahagan's taste in dress is not extinct in the Indian army. Whether, however, the *Times* reporter thought that fierceness and red breeches necessarily accompanied each other, or merely threw in the phrase to give "lurid brilliancy" to his style, it is impossible to say. The Beloochee, however, is certainly among us, and so are many other good men and true who have come to be defenders of the Empire by the most infallible of all processes in public as well as private life—that of beginning by being enemies and ending by being friends. The absence of any representatives of the Ghoorkas has been not unreasonably deplored; but almost every other fighting race of India appears among the thirty or forty officers and men who are quartered at Wimbledon. Perhaps, however, we ought not to say quartered, in deference to the Bill of Rights and Mr. Gladstone's feelings. Even the Afghan race, who, but for "somebody" (to imitate the polite vagueness which used to characterize speech on similar subjects in Jacobite days), might have already gone through the beneficent process described above, appears in certain Pathan troopers from the Punjab and its frontiers. As for the rest, Sikhs and Mahrattas, Rajputs and Jats, Bengalees and Madrassees, have all amalgamated, thanks to the wisdom with which India, and India almost alone of British possessions, has hitherto been ruled. To describe what that wisdom is, and how India has been ruled, would be perhaps irrelevant. But it may be briefly and not inaccurately said that, if any one will draw up a syllabus of the art of ruling according to the present revered Prime Minister of England, then that will show exactly the way in which India has not been ruled.

No doubt that satisfactory programme of amusements which Lord Hartington has been drawing up has been calculated to suit the tastes of the visitors. The *Lusitania* was polite enough to bring them just in time for the Lord Mayor's Show, though there were probably ceremonial difficulties in the way of their officers being asked to the dinner. There is the gallery of the House of Commons, but under the present circumstances that is not a very lively resort. Would a Jat enjoy the theatre, and if so would he be likely to prefer the Gaiety to the Lyceum? Fishing for grayling is but a chilly diversion for men who are accustomed to the sun; but fox-hunting might please some of them. There are Zoological Gardens in India, so that that diversion would lack novelty, and it is possible that man may tire of the underground railway. Supposing the visitors' tastes to be as purely military as some authorities pronounce them to be, it is to be feared that London will by no means impress them. There are not as many soldiers in or about it as at an Indian station, even not of the first class, and they are much more scattered. It is odd how, when one thinks of them, the attractions of London diminish to the streets and the size and the noise. Decoration by the Queen in person would probably be worth to all of these warriors more than the journey hither and back again, and that is very nearly promised them. But with this exception it is rather difficult for a Londoner to know what delights to offer to men who have scruples at being asked to dinner, and who pretty certainly would not enjoy an evening party or an afternoon tea.

Thoughts like these are not unfrequently the thoughts of a careful host who is diffident about his powers of amusing a strange guest. But if both host and guest be good fellows, the difficulty generally

disappears when the matter comes to trial, and when both are determined to be pleased with each other. It is not conceit or folly to suppose that the mere fact of a visit to England is a sufficiently interesting thing to a native soldier of the Indian army. The natives of India, especially those of them from whom that army is drawn, are as far as possible from being inactive of brain, or deficient in the power of receiving impressions. They represent, at least some of them, a civilization older than our own, and not less elaborate, if less perfect. They understand well enough—or if not well enough, yet well enough to receive that very complement of understanding which their visit here should bring them—the strange relation of England to their own country. They have seen already the military power which has done most, but not all, to establish that relation, and their visit will show them something more of the other forces at work than they could see in India. They will also see, it is to be hoped, that the services which they have done for the Empire are heartily acknowledged on this side of the water. It is said that one of the principal means by which Russia has so marvellously extended her rule is the custom of inviting members of subject and allied races to St. Petersburg, and of holding out the right hand of fellowship to them there. There is, therefore, no harm, but good in the visit, or at least there ought to be, and nothing has suffered as yet but the Bill of Rights and Lord Hartington's presence of mind. As for Mr. Gladstone's consistency, that was never in danger. There are, it is said, two sorts of reputations that can bear any charge brought against them—one which is absolutely stainless, and one which is hopelessly spotted. There is no need to inquire too curiously into the exact category of impunity under which Mr. Gladstone's consistency falls.

THE PRINCESS OF AHDLEN.

ON the evening of July 1, 1694, Count Philip Christopher von Königsmarck left his abode at Hanover, to be seen no more of men. He was descended from a noble Swedish family of illustrious reputation; but, like his elder brother, Count Charles John, who figures in Evelyn's sober pages as "that base coward C. Koningsmark," he was personally known as a reckless soldier of fortune. The English envoy at the Court of Dresden, who had met him in England, in Hamburg, in Flanders, and at Hanover, described him as a loose fish, whom he would always have avoided if it had been in his power to do so. As to his connexion with the Electoral Court of Hanover, the following facts only can be established with certainty:—that he was present at an entertainment given by the Electoral Prince early in 1688; that by the year 1691 he was in the Elector's military service with the rank of colonel; and that in the summer of 1694, though he had already been appointed a general of cavalry in the Saxon army, he still held the Elector Ernest Augustus's commission. On the 12th of July following, the Electoral Princess Sophia Dorothea's lady-in-waiting and intimate friend, Mlle. von Knesebeck, was placed under arrest and subjected to an inquiry before the Board of Privy Councillors as *la seule confidente de l'intrigue*, though of what intrigue we do not know, and thereupon consigned to a strict imprisonment, from which she did not till three years afterwards, in a very wonderful fashion, effect her escape. It was then found that she had covered the walls and door of her prison, as well as the sides of her bed, with aphoristic writings, produced by coals taken out of her firepan. She had, moreover, made occasional communications to her Protestant "confessor" and to certain officials who visited her in prison. From the fragmentary evidence thus furnished it results that she had been accused of having sought to create jealousy between the Electoral Prince and his wife, and of having persuaded the latter to make an attempt at escape. She had repudiated these charges, together with a monstrous accusation made against her on the evidence of her maid, that she had intended to poison the Electoral Prince. But she had confessed to having against her own wish forwarded a few letters from the Princess to their destination. What these letters were is unknown, but there is evidence that a number of letters to Mlle. von Knesebeck, her sister, and Count Königsmarck, which reached Hanover in May, June, and July 1694, were afterwards in the hands of the Hanoverian Government.

But to return to the disappearance of Count Königsmarck. On the 13th of July a Saxon special envoy appeared at Hanover to demand the release of the Count, whom he claimed as an officer in the Saxon service. Being informed that there was no objection to granting the Count his formal dismissal, but that he was not at the present moment in the hands of the Hanoverian Government, the envoy suggested that some search ought to have been previously made for the missing officer. In reply, he was coolly told that it was undoubtedly an extraordinary case, but that if a person conducted himself in so extraordinary a way, and was in the habit of going forth alone and remaining from home for four-and-twenty hours or more without telling any of his people where he might be found, there would be no great reason for wonder if in the end he were lost altogether, inasmuch as there had in all probability been several examples of such an event in the course of the world's history. The matter was not allowed to drop, for the sister of the lost man, Countess Marie Aurora von Königsmarck, who occupied the most influential of positions at the Court of Augustus the Strong, refused to be put off with diplomatic answers amounting in substance, as the English envoy afterwards rather profanely ob-

served, to the question, "Are we thy brother's keepers?" The Hanoverian Government, for its part, was naturally very anxious to avoid all avoidable friction with princes who might swell the number of those who, under the leadership of the jealous joint-chief of the elder Brunswick line (Duke Antony Ulric of Brunswick-Wolfenbüttel), were protesting against the recent elevation of the Hanoverian branch of the younger line to the Electoral dignity. The Elector waxed very wroth at these inquiries and demands, which had even gone so far as to suggest that either the unfortunate Count was still in prison or he had been made away with; and, finally, Ernest Augustus applied a gentle pressure to the Court of Vienna (namely, the threat of withdrawing his troops from the war with France then in progress, unless the Emperor's Government could make the Saxon hear reason). This was accordingly done, and though, for Aurora Königsmarck's sake, the pretence of inquiries was still for a time kept up, the endeavour to reach the truth about her brother by this way ended in failure.

During these negotiations concerning Königsmarck, a special Hanoverian envoy had been specially instructed to insist upon the fact that the disappearance of the Count was in nowise connected with the affair of the Electoral Princess Sophia Dorothea. The documentary evidence as to this affair is not quite so simple as that concerning the other, from which the attempt was made to keep it apart. According to the explanatory circular issued by her father, Duke George William of Brunswick-Celle (first cousin to the Elector Ernest Augustus), she had at first shown "a certain *froidur*" towards her husband, the Electoral Prince George Lewis; but this feeling of indifference had, by Mlle. von Knesebeck's insinuations, gradually been heightened into so deep a dislike that she had begged her father's permission to return to her parental home. She had hereupon actually paid him a visit, but he had sent her back to Hanover, whence, her husband not having returned from a journey to Berlin, she had once more, under the influence of Mlle. von Knesebeck, taken her departure for her father's Court. But he had sent word to her that she must either at once return to Hanover, or withdraw for the present into the *Amtsbaus* (official building) at Ahlden, which was situated "on the way." The Princess chose the latter alternative, thus voluntarily, according to her father's account, entering the "retreat" which was to be the principal scene of her lifelong duration. Meanwhile, the lady-in-waiting who had so ill advised the Princess was arrested at Hanover by her father's request.

This specious narrative is flatly contradicted by extant evidence, proving the report to have been spread by connivance between the leading Ministers of Sophia Dorothea's father and father-in-law, and with an avowed intention of "saving appearances," that the Princess refused to live any longer with her husband, and was very anxious to quit Hanover. It has been held to be rendered doubly suspicious by the circumstance that Ahlden does not lie in any sense "on the way" between Hanover and Celle; but we must observe that it is on the way between Hanover and Bruchhausen, whither Sophia Dorothea's first visit to her father had been paid, and which belonged to an outlying part of his dominions. In any case, six days before the date of this parental explanation, the unhappy daughter had been transferred to Ahlden, where she was speedily informed that a divorce suit was about to be instituted against her. It was tried before a court of justice specially appointed for the purpose, and composed of two spiritual and two temporal councillors chosen by Hanover, with the same number chosen by Celle. The ground on which Sophia Dorothea's husband, the Electoral Prince George Lewis, sued for a divorce was his wife's wilful desertion of him—the act of desertion being the pretended flight of the Princess to her father. To complete the shameful farce, she was induced during the progress of the suit to sign a declaration expressing her determination never to cohabit again with her husband, and her wish that a divorce might be pronounced between them. On the 28th of December the judgment was published, according to which the "innocent" party was allowed the right of re-marriage, while this was denied to Sophia Dorothea as the "guilty" party. She was ejected from the Electoral house, and her name was struck out of the public prayers. The rest of her life—which was spent at Lauenau, in Hanover, till February 1696, and then at Ahlden, in the Celle dominions—was, as is known, a long period of decently disguised captivity. The "Princess of Ahlden" died on November 20th, 1726. Long before her death, namely in 1698, on the occasion of the death of the Elector Ernest Augustus and the accession of her divorced husband, she had addressed the latter and his mother, then the Dowager Electress Sophia, in terms of sincere repentance for the faults she had committed, "begging his pardon at his feet with all her heart."

Such is, in substance, the historical evidence that remains to us concerning one of the most extraordinary scandals of modern times, and one which has given rise to a small library of fiction and of history mixed with fiction. The divorced husband of Sophia Dorothea, afterwards King George I. of Great Britain, preserved a dead silence on the subject; and, by destroying virtually all the documentary evidence which was used in the inquiry, the Hanoverian and Celle Governments probably succeeded in definitively baffling all attempts to arrive at a real knowledge of the secret. The very fragments of the divorce suit papers still in existence were only secured by the Hanover archives in 1826, obviously with an intention to prevent their publication, which intention has, in its turn, been frustrated by the recent transfer of the archives into Prussian hands. But curiosity and suspicion were not to be in this way suppressed. The secrets of princes are often the

public talk of the world; and in the case of a sovereign so universally unpopular as our first King of the House of Hanover, it is not at all surprising that the darkest page in his private history should have been fondly talked over by his subjects. Every one knew how little love was lost between him and his son; and though parallels to this relation were destined not to be wanting in the subsequent history of the dynasty, so that it now seems almost superfluous to inquire into the special reasons in each instance, yet it was naturally pleasant to be able to account for the breach between the unloved King and his heir after the most distressing fashion possible. Doubtless only Jacobites, in bold defiance, as Dr. Doran has pointed out, of dates, spoke of the Prince of Wales as "young Königsmarck"; but the fact of his mother's divorce and imprisonment was as undeniable as his conviction of her innocence, as soon as his tongue was untied by his father's death, was sincere. As to the doom of Sophia Dorothea's supposed paramour, Horace Walpole (who pooh-poohed the evidence of the skeletons in the Tower as affecting the reputation of Richard III.) professed to have at third hand from King George II., through Queen Caroline and Sir Robert, the information that Königsmarck's bones had been found under the floor of the Princess's ante-chamber at Hanover. On the other hand, Louis XIV. was said to have at his table repeated the rumour that the Count had been kept a prisoner in the cellar of the Royal palace. That the French Court had, at the time of the disappearance of Königsmarck and the removal of Sophia Dorothea, been not a little excited on the subject, may be gathered from the fact that in the well-known correspondence of the Duchess Elisabeth Charlotte of Orleans with her aunt the Electress Sophia, as well as in Leibnitz's extracts from it, likewise preserved in the Hanover archives, a significant gap occurs from July to November, 1694.

Though nearly two centuries have passed away since the time in question, all that historical inquiry has been able to contribute to a solution of the mystery has consisted in an elucidation of its antecedents. And in this attempt aid of a peculiar nature was afforded by one of those productions in which the seventeenth century delighted, though they have been mostly preserved with the single result of mystifying posterity. This was the sixth volume, published at Nürnberg in 1707, of the historical romance called the *Roman Octavia*, of which the first five volumes had appeared a generation earlier, and which offered to the reader a history of the Roman Caesars from Claudius to Vespasian, seasoned by the introduction of a number of mysterious episodes dealing with transactions of the author's own times under the disguise of ancient Roman names. This author was no other than Duke Antony Ulrich of Brunswick-Wolfenbüttel, whose jealousy of the younger Hanoverian line has been already noted, and whose son had for some months before his premature death been actually betrothed to Sophia Dorothea. But, inasmuch as this romance can be convicted of glaring contradictions of established fact precisely where it is possible to check its narrative, a great deal of fiction was certainly imported into later histories of Sophia Dorothea, together with an undeterminable amount of truth; and such a feature in the story, for instance, as that of the boyish intimacy of Königsmarck with the Princess (of which there is not the slightest actual evidence) is reproduced from the *Roman Octavia* even in one of its latest and most carefully sifted versions. The whole literature of the subject has been recently reviewed in the earlier of two exhaustive papers contributed to the last two numbers of Sybel's *Historische Zeitschrift*, by Dr. Adolf Köcher, who may already be known to some of our readers as the editor of the lively memoirs of the Duchess (afterwards Electress) Sophia, published by the Prussian Government from the Hanover archives in 1879. Into this review our limits forbid our following him; but we have largely availed ourselves of the conclusions which he has drawn in his second paper from the examination of the actual documentary evidence. With regard to the antecedents of the catastrophe, he justly acknowledges the light first thrown upon the subject by a little book published in 1879 by Dr. A. F. H. Schaumann, formerly Keeper of the Hanoverian Archives, which is also before us. And as these researches really seem to point to the causes, if not to explain the course, of the whole transaction, we may, omitting most of what was already known, endeavour to place a summary of them before our readers.

The affair with Count Königsmarck (for that some relation existed between them it is impossible to doubt, though even Köcher and Schaumann differ as to its nature) was not the cause, it was only the occasion, of Sophia Dorothea's doom. She was the victim, mainly and in the first instance at all events, of sins which were not her own. She paid the penalty of the wrong inflicted by her father upon a woman of strong character and marked ability—no other than the Electress Sophia, the mother of our kings to be. Her hatred had been imbibed by her son, Sophia Dorothea's husband; and, placed in circumstances which left her without a friend or protector, either from interested or from disinterested motives, she was pushed over the precipice which she had too nearly approached—or it was pretended that she had lost her footing.

The great aim of the House of Brunswick-Lüneburg in the seventeenth century was that consolidation of its territories which was to lay the foundation of its future greatness, but which was rendered extremely difficult by the number of its scions. In the year 1656 the second brother, Duke George William, held the Calenberg (Hanover) division of the family territories; while the fourth brother, Duke Ernest Augustus, had as yet only obtained the reversion of the bishopric of Osnabrück, in accordance with the well-

known strange provision of the Peace of William. George William was in that year betrothed to the Princess Sophia, the youngest daughter of our English Rose of Bohemia, who was then residing at the Court of her eldest brother at Heidelberg. She had readily promised her hand, though it had been also demanded by Prince Adolphus of Sweden, for, as she frankly says in her Memoirs, "il me plaisait beaucoup davantage que le prince Adolphe, pour lequel j'avois une aversion que je n'aurois pu vaincre que par une force de vertu." All the greater was the revulsion of feeling when she learnt that, for a reason which can hardly be stated plainly here, though it is so stated by the Electress Sophia in her Memoirs, he had renounced the idea of marriage, and proposed to make over her, and with her the reversion of his share of the family territories, to his younger brother Ernest Augustus. At the same time he undertook to bind himself to perpetual celibacy. The Princess Sophia had, she tells us, when Duke George William showed the first signs of his intention to escape from his engagement, been "trop fière d'en estre touchée"; but she made no difficulty in consenting to the proposed exchange, remarking "que je n'avois jamais eu de l'amour que pour un bon établissement, et si je le pouvois trouver avec le cadet, je n'aurois aucune peine à quitter l'un pour l'autre." So, after a grotesque protest from the third or intermediate brother, that the reversion of bride and territories ought to have gone to him, the arrangement was concluded in 1658; and by the strangest of accidents, a woman of the liveliest sensibility, who had been exposed to an insult which she was too proud to notice, but which it is clear she deeply felt, was married to a prince of commanding ambition. The ends of this ambition soon shaped themselves definitely enough. On the death of the eldest brother, George William became possessed of Lüneburg-Celle, handing over Hanover to the third brother, on whose death again, in 1679, it passed into the hands of Sophia's husband. The reversion of Celle being secured to him, "ce grand prince," as Bossuet calls him in a letter of the same year, was powerful enough in 1692 to obtain the Electoral dignity upon which his heart was set. But long before this consummation Duke George William, the reversion of whose inheritance played so important a part in the calculation, had taken certain steps the result of which might have proved irreconcilable with its success but for the decisive action of Ernest Augustus and his consort. George William, debarred from taking a wife, had induced a French lady, the Marquise d'Olbreuse, to sign what the Duchess Sophia oddly calls an "anti-contract" of marriage, and which she and her husband had been obliging enough to witness. The Duchess seems at first to have had no feeling of dislike for this lady, who had hitherto known how to keep her distance, and seemed suitable for the post to which she had been advanced. But when "Mme. d'Harbourg," as she was officially called, had given birth in 1666 to a daughter—she was christened Sophia Dorothea—and when George William's affection for her became more and more manifest, his sister-in-law, in whom, according to the remark of her niece, the Duchess of Orleans, the old love had never grown cold, began, as her Memoirs show, to be filled with bitter animosity against the mistress. And soon the fear lest the expectations of her own family might be injuriously affected by her brother-in-law's munificence towards Mme. d'Harbourg and her daughter began vehemently to disturb the Duchess. In 1674 she had to see "cette personne" created a Countess of the Empire, and her daughter legitimized, with the right of assuming the title and arms of a Duchess of Brunswick, should she marry into an ancient princely family, which, as the Prince of Wolfenbüttel was a suitor for her hand, "la fraile Sophia," as her namesake angrily calls the poor child of nine years of age, was sooner or later likely to do. Finally, in 1675, George William privately married his mistress. Duke Ernest Augustus had consented to the marriage on receiving his brother's promise to maintain the arrangement as to the reversion; but the cup of the Duchess Sophia's wrath seemed full. Worse was, however, to come. In 1680 the woman who, as Sophia's favourite niece dutifully writes to her aunt, ought to have considered herself honoured if she had married her husband's first *valet de chambre*, was raised to the rank of a Duchess of Brunswick.

Throughout these transactions, while Duke Ernest Augustus was only intent on safeguarding the territorial interests of himself and his immediate family, the Duchess seems to have been animated by personal feelings which her husband was very far from sharing. Women have their antipathies; and, while Ernest Augustus, after all, had reason to cherish a sentiment of gratitude towards his brother, the same could not be said of his wife. It may have been merely the interest of her younger sons which caused her to oppose the legalization of the union of all the territories of the house of Brunswick-Lüneburg in one hand; but the direct consequence of this was the proposal of the Estates to facilitate the union by the marriage of the Princess of Celle with the hereditary Prince of Hanover. "Ce grand mariage," as Leibnitz called it in a poem of servile adulation, was performed towards the end of 1682. The future of the House of Hanover was safe; but what was to be the destiny of Sophia Dorothea?

She bore her husband two children—the future King George II. and the future mother of Frederick the Great, who thus (as has not been often noticed) had French blood in his veins. That she did not gain her husband's love is clear from his relations with his mistresses, and she probably had not the philosophy of the elder Sophia, who could console herself with her books and letters for her husband's preference for Countess Platen. But this philo-

sophy was quite reconcilable with an unforgiving spirit, and with a pride that could not tolerate the prospect of such a daughter-in-law succeeding to the Electoral honours; and in the winter of 1693-4 the Elector Ernest Augustus was seriously ill. The conjecture cannot be called unwarranted that these feelings on the part of his mother were shared, with the harshness which formed part of his nature, by Sophia Dorothea's husband. The poor woman—almost as "fraile" in the face of such antipathies as when she had been a child—stood alone amidst her foes. Their spirit may be gathered from the correspondence of the Duchess of Orleans, who was wroth with Sophia Dorothea for never speaking with due respect of "ma tante," who defended the Electoral Prince against the charge of brutality by declaring him to be "too plain-spoken to be brutal," and who considered the object of their common dislike "an accursed animal, that deserves all her misfortunes."

Elisabeth Charlotte's pious acquiescence in the unhappy Sophia Dorothea's calamities was uttered a few months after her imprisonment. In discussing the question of this ancient and, as some may think, obsolete scandal, we have abstained from doing more than bringing into juxtaposition what is proved concerning the catastrophe, and what, again on evidence in itself indisputable, is probable with regard to its antecedents. It would take us too far, and necessitate an examination of details for which this is not the place, were we to endeavour to rewrite the story out of the materials indicated. We will, therefore, content ourselves with subjoining Dr. Köcher's summary of his own views, with which in some respects we are more inclined to agree than with Dr. Schaumann's occasionally (so far as the Princess is concerned) over-charitable conclusions:—

The hatred of her mother-in-law and the cold-heartedness of her husband made Sophia Dorothea's life in Hanover a misery to her, and the deserted woman allowed a daring *roué* to cast his net around her. With the help of Mlle. de Knesbeck, who at first resisted, they concocted a scheme which became the subject of scandalous gossip. So much is certain. It is probable that a flight of the Princess with Königsmarck was the substance of this scheme. Rumour asserted [for there is no evidence on the subject] that the design was betrayed to the Elector by his mistress, who was jealous of Königsmarck's attentions to the Princess. In any case, her relations with Königsmarck were discovered. He was himself in the deepest secrecy made away with, Mlle. von Knesbeck was sent to prison, and the Electoral Princess was banished into the solitude of Ahlden.

THE MODERN NOVEL.

IN a pleasant little essay, which he modestly styles a "Gossip on Romance," Mr. R. L. Stevenson, in the first number of *Longman's Magazine*, deprecates the subordination of incident to character, or, as perhaps it would be more correct to say, the absence of incident, in contemporary fiction. "It is thought clever," he says, "to write a novel with no story, or at least with a very dull one"; he regrets, and he is puzzled by, the fact that "English people of the present day are apt to look down on incident, and reserve their admiration for the clink of teaspoons and the accents of the curate." Assuredly Mr. Stevenson has good reason for his regret; in which, let us here say, we do for our part most cordially share. The offence exists—that no one can deny; but from whom does it come? From the "English people of the present day"—from the novel-reading English people, that is to say—or from those who minister to their not very exacting literary wants? It is indisputably and most lamentably true that the greater part of our modern novels tell either no story or tell a very dull one; but by whom is this "thought clever"—by the readers or the writers? In a word, may the sins of the circulating library be ascribed to the "wild vicissitudes of taste," and may the novelists of to-day lay to their souls the flattering unction that Johnson, in a fit of compliment, applied to Garrick's stage?

By a happy coincidence the current number of the *Century Magazine* supplies a partial answer to Mr. Stevenson's complaint. The *Century* is an American magazine; but it is well known here in England, as it deserves to be. It is always very well illustrated and printed, and generally well written; hitherto, moreover, it has been strikingly free from any narrowness or provincialism of tone. Among the list of contributors to the present number figures the name of Mr. W. D. Howells, a name not quite so familiar yet to Englishmen as that of his fellow-countryman, Mr. Henry James, but in his own land he has, we believe, unlike the traditional prophet, much honour. Mr. Howells writes an essay on Mr. James, and to the praise he gives to the manner of that delicate and graceful writer we can freely say "ditto." But he has also much to say about the modern school of fiction, which he considers, as is not indeed surprising, immeasurably superior to its predecessors. "How about the Decalogue, Jock?" once asked a wicked wag of a somewhat puzzle-headed member of Parliament who was explaining to his constituents the action he proposed to take with regard to the burning questions which were likely to occupy the attention of the House in the ensuing Session. To which "Jock," who, unless rumour foully wronged him, was but an indifferent theologian either in practice or theory, made haste to answer that he should certainly vote for its "total abolition." Mr. Howells is like "Jock" as regards all that Mr. Stevenson prizes—incident, romantic event, and complication; Mr. Howells is for their "total abolition." We had occasion last week to refer briefly to his theory of fiction, but it is worth noting again. "It is, after all, what a writer has to say, rather than what he has to tell, that we care for nowadays. In one manner or other the

stories were all told long ago, and now we want merely to know what the novelist thinks of persons or situations." Here, again, the personality of the sentiment is a little puzzling; does "we" imply the school of which Mr. Howells is doubtless a distinguished ornament, or does it stand for the great novel-reading public of to-day? On this point Mr. Howells seems himself to be a little dubious, or perhaps does not care to commit himself to one side or the other. For, though he maintains broadly enough that "we could not suffer" such writers as Thackeray or Dickens to-day, and that the new school "studies human nature much more in its wonted aspects, and finds its ethical and dramatic examples in the operation of lighter but not really less vital motives," still he prefers to put the universal acceptance and dominion of that school rather in the form of a question. "Will the reader," he asks, "be content to accept a novel which is an analytic study rather than a story?" thus recognizing, or at least allowing for, the existence of "another and not impossible world" which may not be inclined to rest its soul for ever on the spectacle of "a metaphysical genius working to an æsthetic result." And this moderation on Mr. Howells' part is the more graceful, and the more surprising, because in the same number of the same magazine a Mr. Warner, presumably also an American, snaps his fingers at England and all her works past, present, and to come, with an energy and exuberance that Mr. Lafayette Kettle could hardly have matched. There was a time, Mr. Warner admits, not with shame, but rather, as has been said, with that sublimity of moral fervour with which a man, suppressing the recollection of old corruptions, declares that he no longer belongs to them nor they to him—there was a time when America took her literature and her criticism from England. But that time has gone by for ever. "We have recovered our balance. We know that since Gulliver there has been no piece of original humour produced in England equal to Knickerbocker's New York; that not in this century has any English writer equalled the wit and satire of the Biglow papers." He allows, does this astonishing young man (he must be young), that his countrymen used to be irritated by the "snobbishness" of certain English critics; but "we are so no longer, for we see that their criticism is only the result of ignorance—simply of inability to understand." And in the same large spirit of toleration he confesses that his countrymen, though terribly bothered by our "insular dialect," are willing to receive our "literary efforts with the same respectful desire to be pleased with them that we have to like their dress and their speech." All this is, perhaps, a little too much in the style of the Watertown Association of United Sympathizers, but it is undeniably interesting; these utterances of Mr. Howells and Mr. Warner, delivered in the same place and time, may be read as a significant, if only partial, answer from the New World to the complaint of the Old, as figured in the person of Mr. Stevenson.

But, to leave these young patriots reaping the harvest long since sown on the immortal plains of Chickabiddy Lick, and to turn to our own side of the question; are we to believe that those "fireside concerns," which undoubtedly form the staple material of the modern English novel, are the supply to an imperative demand; that they are the effect, and not the cause, of the popular taste? Must we really think so meanly of the age as to be assured that, if another Scott were to arise, he would get no hearing? It may be said that he gets none to-day; and no doubt among the class by which the circulating libraries mainly live he gets none, or next to none. But, if Scott had never written; if *Guy Mannering*, or *Redgauntlet*, or *The Fair Maid of Perth* were to make their first appearance among us to-day, is it possible to believe that they would tell their tale to alien ears? The Johnsonian theory—comforting, no doubt, to conscience-stricken authors—is really true only in a secondary degree. The master comes, and his word is law. If he is so fortunate as not to outlive the taste he has created, it remains only for his successors to tread as best they may in his steps, till another arises too proud to follow and strong enough to lead. But leaders are rare in any quarter of the vast empire of human intelligence. Most of us must be content to follow, and for such it may with truth be pleaded that they must "please to live." When Scott died, the knell of romance had sounded; and, loth as we at least shall always be to say a harsh word against the "King of the Romantics," it must be owned that his own hand, weakened by that magnificent struggle with fortune, had given the first swing to the bell. Neither Ainsworth nor Bulwer availed to prop its failing fortunes; Jack Sheppard and Lucretia were poor substitutes for Cleveland and Meg Merrilies; and the many-sided Bulwer, with his finger ever on the pulse of the age, was on with the new love ere the old was fairly sped. Then arose the great figures of Dickens and Thackeray. Both were too genuine masters of their art not to recognize the value of incident. Such scenes as the meeting in the Temple Chambers of Pip and his mysterious patron, or Rawdon Crawley's discovery of his wife's treachery, are truly "epoch-making" scenes; indeed, as for Thackeray, who can doubt, remembering how he has written of Scott and Dumas, that, whatever his practice was, his heart was with the Romantics? Yet both he and Dickens were famous—and, if Mr. Howells will pardon us, they are famous now—by virtue, not of their incidents, but their characters. Each tried his hand once at the romance pure and simple—Dickens in *The Tale of Two Cities*, Thackeray in *Esmond*: there is an under current of moral running through *Barry Lyndon* which, for all its strength and movement, takes it out of the region of pure romance. Both were

splendid successes; as a piece of exquisite workmanship it would, indeed, be difficult to match *Esmond* anywhere in fiction; yet neither was ever truly a public favourite. When most of us speak of Dickens, it is not of the Vengeance and her devilish sisterhood, not of Sydney Carton and his noble death, that we think, but of Sam Weller and Dick Swiveller and Micawber and Pecksniff; it is not the meeting of Lady Castlewood and Esmond beneath the winter stars, nor that inimitable scene where the young Chevalier sets his crown on the hazard of Beatrix's bright eyes, that the name of Thackeray brings before us, but Becky Sharp and Colonel Newcome and Major Pendennis. The taste they created survived them; and disciples were found, of course, in plenty to "catch their clear accents," or at least to tune, as best they might, their sympathetic pipings to the same key. But the imitators of Dickens—a numerous and vivacious band in their day—soon died off; for, in truth, the humours of the back-parlour and the street, without that master-hand to paint them, had as little of interest as of charm. The imitators of Thackeray are with us still. The superficial reader may stare at the idea, but it really needs little trouble or acuteness to trace the "clink of the teaspoons and the accents of the curate" up through the author of *Barchester Towers* to the author of *Pendennis*.

The fate of the slave who strove to conjure with his wizard-master's wand must inevitably befall all imitators who, careless or ignorant of the animating and shaping spirit, fix their eye solely on the outward form and substance. Without the wit of Thackeray and Mr. Trollope's good sense these "fireside concerns" of the club and the drawing-room are no whit less dull, and often more truly vulgar, than those sentimental annals of the poor which Dickens inspired. Let them be allowed the virtue of harmlessness, which is nowadays perhaps something more than a negative virtue. They are at least more wholesome fare than those other concerns of the brothel and the drinking-shop set forth by the great apostle of the "Romance of Naturalism," who can find in the true Romantic only "un air empoisonné, un virus, une lèpre." But, in honest truth, they are dull—desperately dull. And one can see no end to them; one can see no reason why Lord or Lady Fanny should not spin a thousand such a day. Any one can draw character—not a Parson Adams, or an Oldbuck, or a Becky Sharp; it is not every day we get the stuff out of which such immortals are made; but the conventional men and women of modern life as imaged in the modern novel can be manufactured as easily as, they say, the Grand Lama of Tibet can manufacture prayers for his pious subjects. These annals of the boudoir and the tennis-lawn, of the parsonage and the parish, of the country boulevard and the country ball-room, all the "hideousness, the immense ennui" which makes up the bulk of modern existence—given pen, ink, and paper, who cannot furnish them? But incident, romantic event and complication, the grand situations (which M. Zola claims as the proud prerogative of "le roman naturaliste"), they require imagination, and our age, with all its many and brilliant qualities, is not pre-eminent in imagination. They require thought and work; and our age, though it will labour terribly for the things it values, is not minded to spend over much labour on mere art.

Yet is it right to say that readers of fatuity preface prefer this melancholy fare? True, they accept it—they devour it. Something they must have to take them, if but for a moment, out of the monotony of their lives; and with the exquisite unreasonableness of the age, they accept the modern novel, which reproduces for them the monotony with all the uncompromising plainness of photography. When the romantic descended to the sensational, and Ouida and Miss Braddon became its high-priestesses, little wonder that intelligent readers turned away in disgust. But, if one were to arise capable of something other and better than this, would not he and his work be welcome? *Westward Ho!* is with us still; *Lorna Doone* has reached its twentieth edition; Mr. Clark Russell's thrilling tales of the sea, despite their obvious faults, are said to have a large sale on both sides of the Atlantic. Let Mr. Stevenson take heart of grace then, for the love of romance is surely not dead, but sleepeth only. Why should he not try to revive it? He has a vein of it, though the samples he has shown have as yet been slight and not without alloy. But he has at least had good training, for he has drunk largely of the genuine waters. He has steeped himself in the spirit of the "King of the Romantics," in the spirit of Walter Scott.

THE NEW ENCYCLICAL.

THIS is an age of anniversaries and centenaries of all kinds, and we cannot wonder that a Pontiff of such strongly marked historical and statesmanlike instincts as Leo XIII. should take advantage of the seventh centenary of the birth of St. Francis of Assisi to institute a comparison between the social conditions of the twelfth century and our own. We are indeed as yet only imperfectly acquainted with the precise terms of this Encyclical, for, except in certain passages which profess to be quoted *verbatim*, the condensed report of it published in the *Times* is brief and occasionally obscure. Nor does the critic who commented on it in a leader of the same journal appear to us to have always correctly interpreted the report. On one point especially of some importance, to be noticed presently, we suspected from the first that he had seriously misunderstood it; and Sir George Bowyer's letter in Thursday's *Times* proves that our surmise was

correct. But there is at all events enough in the imperfect version before us to suggest matter for interesting reflection. Leo XIII., as our readers are aware, is not as his predecessor; he is a Pope, and a zealous Pope, but he is also something more. He has always taken a keen interest both in historical and social questions, and he has had considerable opportunities of studying them; he looks on the social and political phenomena of the day with the eye no doubt of an ecclesiastic, but of an ecclesiastic to whom Christian are paramount to merely professional interests, and who never forgets that in this life Christians are necessarily citizens of the State as well as members of the Church, and have duties to discharge in both capacities alike. And thus to him the Franciscan movement of the beginning of the thirteenth century represents, as to recent philosophical historians whether Catholic or Protestant, not merely an outburst of religious enthusiasm, but a social reform. He too feels that its founder, to use the words of Sir James Stephen, must have had some of the higher instincts of a legislator. When he proceeds therefore to draw out a parallel between the special needs of the twelfth century and the nineteenth, he must be presumed to be speaking with an intelligent meaning and purpose, and not simply inditing a panegyric even on a saint whom Christians of all communions have combined to honour, still less on the superior tone of mediæval piety. Nothing indeed can be more unlike the rhapsodies of a mere *laudator temporis acti* than his summary of the leading characteristics of the twelfth century, which is worth reproducing here:—

The period (the twelfth century) is sufficiently well known with its character of mingled virtues and vices. The Catholic faith was deeply rooted in men's souls, and it was a glorious sight to see multitudes inflamed by piety set forth to Palestine resolved to conquer or to die. Nevertheless, licentiousness had greatly impaired popular morality, and nothing was more needed by men than a return to Christian sentiments. Now, the perfection of Christian virtue lies in that disposition of the soul which dares all that is arduous and difficult; its symbol is the Cross, which those who would follow Jesus Christ must carry on their shoulder. The effects of this disposition are a heart detached from mortal things, severe self-denial, and a gentle and resigned endurance of adversity. In fine, the love of God and of one's neighbour is the mistress and sovereign of all other virtues; such is its power that it survives all the hardships which accompany the fulfilment of duty and renders the hardest labours not only bearable, but agreeable. There was a dearth of such virtue in the twelfth century; for too many among men, enslaved by the things of this world, either coveted madly honours and wealth, or lived a life of luxury and self-gratification. All power was centred in a few, and had for the most part become an instrument of oppression to the wretched and despised masses; and those even who ought by their profession to have been an example to others had not avoided the contagion of the prevalent vices. The extinction of charity everywhere was followed by moral diseases manifold and deadly—envy, jealousy, hatred; and minds were so divided and hostile that on the slightest pretext neighbouring cities waged war among themselves and fellow-citizens armed themselves against one another.

If there is any fault to be found with this delineation, it would be rather that the dark colours are laid on too thickly than the reverse. There had been a considerable religious reform carried on during the previous century, between the time of Hildebrand and Innocent III.; and the twelfth century itself, as Milman points out, was an age of great men and of great events, preparing the world for still greater. It was the age of the Crusades; of the growth of the French monarchy and Italian Republics, of the development of new political views, and of a new intellectual movement, the importance of which is not to be ignored because its methods and its leaders represent the scholastic philosophy. If St. Bernard was "the last of the Fathers," St. Anselm must be regarded as the parent or pioneer of the Schoolmen. The age however had all the faults with which the Pope so copiously credits it; it was not so bad as the tenth century, that

dark and dreary time,
The heavens all blood, the wearied earth all crime;

but it was, as it is here painted, an age of violence, tyranny, and lust. And there was certainly much need of such a reformer as Francis of Assisi to wage war against the prevalent vices of society; the crying need was one reason of his conspicuous success. The Encyclical describes him as rebuking the effeminacy and fastidiousness of his age by his manner of life, going about "roughly clad, and begging his bread from door to door, and not only enduring but welcoming what is generally deemed most hard to bear—the senseless ridicule of the crowd," while his humble companions, poor, ignorant, and unrefined, followed the same manner of life, preaching everywhere in highways and public squares, without preparation or pomp of rhetoric, that men should despise earthly things, and think of the world to come. They were probably looked on by Church dignitaries and feudal nobles much as the Salvation Army people are looked upon now, only, unlike the Salvationists, they had placed themselves under the shelter of ecclesiastical authority. If Innocent was at first disposed to reject his uncouth supplicants, other reflections came in the vigils—or, according to tradition, the visions—of the night, and Francis left the Lateran Palace with the express, though as yet unwritten, sanction of the supreme Pontiff for his new organization of poverty. The wisdom which guided this device was fully justified by the event, nor have modern historians of various schools been slow to recognize the result. Crowds, as the Pope observes, gathered eagerly round the new preachers, and not only heard them gladly, but in many things followed their counsels. What does not seem so obvious at first sight is the application of the example to our own days, and the desire to point a moral may perhaps have led the author

of the Encyclical somewhat to overstate his analogy between the conditions of the twelfth century and the nineteenth. But his main postulate, that the spirit of Francis, "being so thoroughly and pre-eminently Christian, is wonderfully suited to all times and places," and therefore to our own age, need not be disputed. It is indeed a remark of his Protestant biographer that Christianity itself, when first promulgated, must have presented to the world an aspect not unlike that of the Third Order of St. Francis. Nor can it fairly be denied that there is force in the following parallel, even if in some particulars it is a little overdrawn, between the age of Francis and our own. We give it again in the words of the Encyclical as reported in the *Times* :—

Just as in the twelfth century, so nowadays hath divine charity grown not a little cold, and great is the derangement of Christian duties partly through ignorance, partly through negligence. The greater part of men pass their lives in a like frame of mind and with like desires, seeking for the comfort of life and eagerly pursuing pleasure. Revelling in luxury, they are extravagant of their own goods and greedy after their neighbour's. They extol the name of the fraternity of mankind; yet they talk more fraternally than they act. They are borne on by self-love, and genuine charity towards their weaker and their poorer brethren is every day growing rarer. In those early days the manifold heresy of the Albigenses, while stirring up revolts against the Church's power, had at the same time introduced confusion into the State and paved the way for a kind of Socialism. And nowadays, too, the votaries and propagators of Nationalism have increased, persistently denying, as they do, the duty of subjection to the Church, and little by little advancing still further with logical consistency until they do not spare even the civil power. They encourage violence and sedition among the people; provoke agrarian disturbances; flatter the appetites of the lower classes, and weaken the very foundations of domestic and public order.

But, whatever similarity there may be between the faults of the twelfth century and those of the nineteenth, it might fairly be questioned whether "the spread of the Franciscan institutions" is the most appropriate remedy for them. And if the Encyclical meant what the writer of the *Times* leader assumes it to mean, we should have been very much disposed to agree with his reply to the question. But considering that Pius IX. is known to have expressed a very strong opinion (though he never acted on it) as to the overgrown and corrupt condition of religious communities in Italy, and the urgent need for a searching reform and a considerable diminution of their number, it seems hardly probable that his more far-sighted and statesmanlike successor should have desired to suggest their indefinite "multiplication," and thus sought "to supply society with garrisons of modernized begging friars," and "burden the Church with the support of another of the ponderous incumbrances under which it has for centuries been struggling." Nor should we ourselves have so understood the concluding portion of the Encyclical, so far as its meaning can be gathered from the summary here presented to us. But then, as we observed before, the language is somewhat vague and obscure, putting aside those passages inserted as direct quotations. We are told that "the sovereign Pontiff recommends"—as a remedy for existing evils—"the spread of the Franciscan institutions among the laity of the Church"; and if the words we have italicized have any meaning, the recommendation does not seem to point to a more extensive exhibition of Franciscan poverty "impersonated in troops of theological vagrants with shaven crowns." Such persons, whether "fathers" or "lay brothers," can hardly be said to belong to "the laity of the Church," being members of a religious order under special rule and vows. Moreover the special advantages the Pope anticipates from the remedy proposed are hardly such as could be expected to spring from the mere extension of a particular religious order, even supposing it to be otherwise desirable. These advantages are mainly three, and they are enumerated in a passage professing to be directly quoted from the Encyclical. In the first place "the lawless greed for temporal things would be weakened"; in the next place being knit together in bonds of brotherly concord men would learn to love and respect one another, and would recognize their conscientious duties towards both equals and superiors, and by these means a remedy would be applied to revolutionary and socialistic principles; and lastly "the relations between rich and poor would be satisfactorily arranged, because the conviction would be established that poverty was not without its dignity, that the rich man is bound to be merciful and generous, the poor man to be content with his lot and industry; that, as neither is born for these perishable goods, the one must win heaven by patience, the other by liberality." These lessons would obviously be better conveyed by "the spread of Franciscan ideas," to use another phrase of the reporter's, than by an increase of the order. And we suspect, speaking under correction in the absence of more precise information, that the true purpose of the Encyclical is to recommend to the faithful generally the cultivation of the Franciscan spirit of poverty, simplicity, and charity, rather than to urge the further extension of the order. The spread of Franciscan institutions among the laity points no doubt, as has been observed before, to a revival or extension of what is called the Third Order of St. Francis or the Order of Penance—designed for the restraint of those living in the world, not in the cloister—which was the peculiar instrument contrived by Francis himself, not for monastic, but popular reform. Sir James Stephen, after describing its characteristics, adds that, "it would be difficult even now, with all the aid of history and philosophy, to devise a scheme better adapted to restrain the licentiousness, to soften the manners, and to mitigate the oppressions of an iron age." This is not exactly an iron age, but there is abundance of licentiousness and oppression

of various kinds, however unlike the mediæval, and if the Pope thinks that a revival of the Third Order of St. Francis among the laity of his communion would serve to mitigate such evils, there is nothing unreasonable in the idea. He has at all events uttered some home truths on certain dangers of the age both social and political, which those more immediately concerned, as well in Ireland as elsewhere, would do well to heed. With one pertinent extract on this subject we conclude :—

Moreover, they who are thoroughly imbued with Christian piety feel with certainty that they are bound by a conscientious duty to obey their lawful rulers, and that no one may be in any way outraged. Now, nothing can be more efficacious than this sentiment for thoroughly extirpating all these kinds of perversity, violence, outrages, revolutionary desires, envy among the different ranks of society; in all which both the germs and the weapons of Socialism are found.

POETS' CORNERS.

OF all things which live and move upon the earth, there are none which have habits more quaint and noteworthy than the race of poets. We include, of course, under that generic name the large sub-species sometimes separately distinguished as poetasters. The ways of this order of beings have many points of similarity to those of the intelligent little creatures whom Mr. Darwin chose for the subject of his last important work; and were there any successor to Darwin endowed with the needful patience, a treaty on "The fertilization of literature by poets" would afford him a useful sphere of labour. The descriptions which our great naturalist has left us of the earth-worm and his doings, of his laboriously dragging leaves (by the broad or narrow end) to stuff up his holes, might seem a sort of symbol of the poet at work upon his dactyls and spondee, his tropes and epithets, in the slow process of composition. What an image, too, do we get, by analogy, of the latter lying snug in his burrow, yet, as Darwin says, never able to withdraw himself quite from the light of day, and thus not able altogether to escape the watchful eye of the early bird (is the critic here meant?), so that every morning thousands of them are dragged up out of their holes and devoured by these natural enemies of theirs. These things would have to be noted in a work upon the habits of poetasters. We should have, too, to record the art by which they convert unhandsome luteous matter into the most wonderfully involuted castings, which they leave about for the fertilization of the land whereon they live. And, finally, by an examination of the sites of these remains we should evolve some theory upon the question of the principles which guide the poet in the selection of his home.

At present we profess only to have looked into the subject as amateurs. Yet we have seen enough to make us wish to know more. By what rules is the poet aided in choosing out his nest, or, as we generally say, his corner? He seems to have the power of making a settlement almost everywhere, and in places which at first sight appear the most unsuitable and uninviting. Wherever there arises a new "interest" or a new pleasure, a business or a desire of any kind, some one of the genus poet comes to link his fortunes therewith. When the "interest" gets itself a mouthpiece, an organ, a little fragment of this is set apart for the poet's nest. Whether it be a Country Gentleman's Newspaper, a Cotton-Spinner's Gazette, or a Bicycle News, the result is the same; it is sure before long to have its recognized Poet's Corner. Yet, when the nest is once made, it does not sensibly enlarge itself. It never threatens to occupy the whole field. While there is a general agreement that the poet is to have his share in every literary enterprise, he himself is the first to recognize that it would never do to make the stake a great one. So, in his narrow home, he lives happy and unobtrusive. If there are quarrels who shall occupy the burrow, they go on underground, and are kept away from the public eye. There is no attempt at spreading the colony, and therefore no visible crowding out. When the first establisher of a Poet's Corner in any particular field of literature quits his place, it is sure to be instantly filled. That is all we know. Where the successor has lain until the hour came for his appearance it is unnecessary to inquire.

These are facts which seem to imply a tendency in the poet to make his nest amid the throng of men; but there are other facts which express an opposite desire. It is certain that the organs which have the greatest publicity are not those in which we are likely to search successfully for traces of our poet. The Poet's Corner only exists in perfection on more retired ground; in those journals, for instance, which are devoted to the records of country life or the life at sea-side places. It has a fellowship with gigantic potatoes and with flower-shows rather than with Arabi Pasha or Egyptian telegrams; it consorts less happily with Parliamentary reports than with the speech of "our illustrious townsman," "the scandalous quarrel which took place in reference to the site of the new pound," or the disagreements of rival incumbents at Dulbury-super-Mare. The true poet-fancier knows such signs as these; they are a certain token to him that he has got upon good ground; when he comes to clippings from the comic papers he is almost sure of his game. These are some examples of the rules by which the poet seems to be guided in his choice of a corner. Even as they stand they are partly contradictory; and every now and then facts crop up which seem to be beyond all rule. Otherwise how comes it that in some of our London periodicals we find "castings" which seem to belong to precisely the genus of poets whose natural home is the provincial "weekly"? Are these to

be accounted instances of natural migration or of acclimatization? Probably few of our readers know what a flourishing school of poetry of the true "Corner" species is to be found scattered up and down our London papers. The illustrated periodicals are a mine of wealth. They display a kind of poetry which is almost peculiar to themselves—verses, namely, written to the pictures, not illustrated, as they are supposed to be, by the drawings. This kind of poetry cannot be judged of apart from its twin brother, the illustration. Our Society journals, again, which at one time devoted themselves to the innocent task of propounding riddles and acrostics, have now each set up its Poet's Corner. It is to them that we must look to keep alive that fine dashing sort of versification savouring, one-half of the inspired Eton boy, the other half of the man of the world, who has too many "natural sprouts" of his own brain to entertain himself with "the forced productions of another man's wit." Ever since the days of

Ha! whom do my peepers remark?

'Tis Hebe, with Jupiter's jug;

Oh, no, 'tis the pride of the Park,

Fair Lady Elizabeth Mugg,

or days before them, this kind of poetry has found itself a home somewhere. It is too common to need quoting; but the following verse, taken at random, may serve for a sample. The fine sense of being "Caesar, and superior to grammar," which distinguishes the author of fashionable verses, and which makes the rules of syntax and prosody appear no better than impertinences, is conspicuous as ever here:—

Dash Hall is no fine Norman castle, whereat

His Grace entertains all the cream of the county;

Nor a millionaire's mansion whose price, cheap at that,

Is a figure denoting the buyer's wealth and bounty.

The last line the ingenious reader may scan as he is able. Our best attempts have resulted in—

'S a figure denot'n th' buyers wealth and bounty;

but we do not feel sure that that is the right way. The introduction of the "Norman castle" as a common residence for the upper ranks of the peerage is picturesque and appropriate. This is all as it should be. This is the kind of poetry which we expect at the hands of a fashionable journal. When again we find another and perhaps a rival journal of the same class giving us a "Song of the Season" which begins

Good-bye to the season, 'tis over,

As long since 'twas over to Præd,

and follows as closely as possible on the lines of Præd's poem, we cannot but appreciate the honesty of the writer, if we are not struck by his originality. But why should this same periodical set up as its bard one whose proper sphere seems to be rather the *Beehive* or *Reynolds's Newspaper*—that is to say, the writing of verse for a class of readers whose literary discrimination is as yet undeveloped? The exposure of abuses is a praiseworthy undertaking. But is it necessary to expose them precisely in the style of the following verses?

'Tis hard to feel the pinch of want when troubles press full sore,
And hard to keep the wolf at bay that howls about the door.

'Tis hard to hear the little ones cry painfully for bread,
To know the mother in her heart is wishing they were dead.

But true to generalities! If you'd their meaning know,
You've but to last week's paper for full evidence to go.

Yes, go and read the horrors of that all too dreadful scene
Enacted, shame upon us all, in Christian Bethnal Green, &c.

The most striking attempt to acclimatize in London the genuine poetry of the Poet's Corner has, however, been made by a contemporary of quite a different class, a periodical professedly devoted to the severer walks of learning. The attempt deserves especial mention and especial praise. It deserves especial mention because a too general impression prevails among the unlearned and frivolous that our contemporary is exclusively given up to subjects which those persons consider dry; that it is just a degree too much at the service of discussions upon the Dahomee dual endings, or on the exciting question whether William of Wickham (say) was or was not at Bouvines. To such mistaken persons we are happy to give our testimony that there are possibilities of pure and intense enjoyment latent in the Poet's Corner of our learned contemporary. The efforts of the editor, again, must be held worthy of especial praise, so long as praise continues to be bestowed on success. From under the headings of "Original Verse" in the pages of the periodical we speak of might be gathered an anthology which for the varied character of its components, and for their uniform excellence, is not to be gleaned from any other London paper. The topical poem here, as elsewhere, has a prominent place. Here is one on the Tay Bridge disaster, culled by chance. The interest of a past event which might otherwise grow dim revives again when we find it married to immortal verse of such kind as the following:—

An eerie winter night—with souls fourscore,
Freighted the steam-spiced cars still northward passed,
Fulfilling their dread doom; unrecked the roar
Of boding blast.

Above the foaming firth the haught bridge hung,
Bridge men deemed should for aye its proud place keep.

Loud laughed the gale; brake haught bridge, doomed cars flung
Down to dark deep.

Alas for grief-rent heart, for death-reft home,
Where lusty lads, sweet maidens, children gay,

Dead in dark deep beneath the wind-whirled foam
Of storm-tossed Tay.

There is another poem on the wreck of the *Birkenhead*, which in our anthology would certainly be placed side by side with this on the Tay Bridge. But it is too long to quote at length here. Let the first verse give some image of its style of merit:—

The starry heaven was calm, the tropic air breathed balm,

No ripple broke the silver-mirrored deep,

When the *Birkenhead* sailed o'er unto Afric's golden shore

With her freight of English sailors wrapped in sleep.

To Kaffraria thorny waste they were voyaging in haste,

Where at war with savage neighbours, to our shame,

A handful of brave men, outmatched as one to ten,

Fought doggedly for honour till they came.

The reader may perhaps think he has seen something like this before, or even purchased the same for a penny at the hands of a one-legged sailor who was singing it down the street. But, even if that were the case, the situation to which our maimed sailor has now attained, rubbing shoulders with the Dahomee dual and William of Wickham, is a thing deserving of comment.

The Poet's Corner from which we have taken these last two examples is, as we hinted just now, specially notable for the diversified character of its productions. The inspired Eton boy soon becomes monotonous, and one lugubrious strain upon the "too, too horrid scene" is much like the strain which follows in the ensuing week. But in our learned contemporary the poetry, like that of Shakspeare (according to Dr. Johnson), "gratifies the mind with endless variety." Unlike, however, to Shakspeare (in the judgment of the same critic), "in whom great faults are compensated by great merits," these pieces, different in other respects, are singularly uniform in degree of excellence. We have verses more rugged than any of Browning's—is not "Bridge men deemed should for aye its proud place keep" designed to follow the manner of that poet? And, again, we have blank verse of a mildness which as far exceeds that of Wordsworth's most "domestic" blank verse as the mildness of the curate of Asseemill-cum-Water outdid that of his brother curate of Spiffon-extra-Scooper, verses which tell of communings on the seashore between the orthodox "three":—

Three were we—brother, sister, and a friend,

In spirit dear to both, though he that day

And not before did look into her eyes.

Our talk was bright, and rippled with the play

Of fancy and affection linked in one.

Sonnets have, of course, a conspicuous place as being specially well suited to the exigencies of a Poet's Corner. The general belief is that any one who can string together fourteen lines containing not more than five different rhymes can write a sonnet. It is impossible to deny that the author of the following verses to Mr. Browning has performed this preliminary part of his task:—

Haply thy life were harmed if earth her fame

Had proffered ere years proved thou didst not need

Drink of applause Art's daily force to feed.

Ere the *HOOTINGS*—God—deep source whence came

The poet's impulse bade thee first to claim

Reward like to His own, true Artist's need

Of joy that flows in essence of the deed,

Unreached by accident of land [sic—land?] or blame, &c.

The unkindest part of this poet is that when we have got fairly to the end of his fourteen lines, and deem that the little matter of all these words may now at all events be let lie, he suddenly starts up again with a "counterpart truth to the foregoing" in the shape of another sonnet. Herein, after occupying four lines and a half by repeating in different words what he said in the first sonnet, he informs Mr. Browning—

Ay, but yet my heart

Saith that this thought of thee is but a phase

Of truth concerning thee, and on me lays

Urgence to speak that half-truth's counterpart.

Happily the same force does not lay upon us any urgency to hear more. We will try one further "cast." The beginning of the following (emphatic italics and all), if not absolutely new, is indisputably true. No danger of half-truth's counterpart to follow afterwards, if one judges rightly from these opening lines:—

We know that we *must* die; then wherefore wail?

No protestations, agonies, or tears,

Avail to change the current of the years.

There is one end to every mortal tale.

After all, however, to the assertion in the second verse there have been some found ere now to take exception:—

And rightly so; why should not forms that fail

Through age and weakness pass away and give

Their young heirs room to spread themselves and live

Till stronger growths o'er these in turn prevail;

and so forth, over an argument which, as addressed to the dead, who are required to show cause why they should be alive, strikes one as a little unfair, seeing they have no chance of making reply. As for the argument, too, it is a kind of highwayman's argument; "Why should not your money be in my purse?" and has further been anticipated in a very striking way by that poet in action George de Barnwell:—

"Dog!" I said to the trembling slave, "tell me where thy gold is. Thou hast no use for it. I can spend it in relieving the Poverty on which thou tramplest, in uplifting Art, to which thou art blind. Give Gold, and thou art free." But he spake not, and I slew him.

"I would not have this doctrine vulgarly promulgated," said the admirable chaplain, "for its general practice might chance to do harm."

TRADE PROSPECTS.

FOR the second time since the revival of trade more than three years ago, the Board of Trade Returns for October show a falling off in the value of the exports of British and Irish produce and manufactures. It is not very considerable, being only 363,000*l.*, or less than 1½ per cent.; but at a time when the indications generally point to sustained improvement, it is a surprise, as well as a disappointment, that there should be any falling off. The disappointment, however, is lessened by the fact that in October last year there was an exceptionally large increase in the value of the exports, exceeding 13 per cent. It was hardly to be expected that there should be now an increase upon such a bound forward; for though, as we have said, the indications point to sustained improvement, they give no reason to think that the country is advancing by "leaps and bounds." The chief falling off is in the exports of cotton, and particularly in those of piece goods to China and of yarn to Japan. The Eastern markets have been overstocked for a considerable time, and the cotton trade in consequence has been depressed; but it is satisfactory to find that the exports to British India have decidedly improved. As usually happens when the cotton trade is depressed, there is likewise a falling off, though not a serious one, in the value of the exports of linen and jute manufactures, and a lighter falling off in the value of woollen manufactures. Altogether, the textile trades are not in a satisfactory condition. It must also be admitted that the other trades of the country do not make a very bright showing, since they do not make up for the small falling off in the textile trades. Still there is well-sustained improvement in the exports of iron and steel, millwork and machinery, and coal. Altogether, then, the exports, when looked at critically, are not so unfavourable as they seem at first sight. They compare with an exceptionally good month last year, and still the falling off is but slight. Taking the ten months of the year together, we find an increase of not far short of ten millions, or about 5 per cent. Thus, when we look, not to a single month, which may be affected by exceptional and temporary causes, but to a considerable period like the ten months of the year now elapsed, we see that the improvement which has been gaining momentum for over three years still continues. Turning to the imports, we find an increase of 2,844,702*l.*, or about 9 per cent.; while for the ten months the increase in value is about 4 per cent. For the month the increase in the value of the imports is general, being found in the raw materials of manufacture as well as in food. We have already begun to benefit largely by the fall in the price of wheat, of which, during October, we received from abroad, principally from California, 1½ million cwt. more than in October last year, or about 35 per cent.; while we paid only 364,371*l.* more, or little over 12 per cent. In other words, while we got 35 per cent. more in quantity, we paid little over 12 per cent. more in money. Upon the whole, then, the Board of Trade Returns are not unfavourable, while the other statistics to which we look for information respecting the condition of the country point to improvement. And their evidence is becoming stronger since the present month began. There can be no doubt that the good harvest is at length favourably influencing trade. The harvest, it is true, is not quite up to what used to be considered an average before the agricultural depression began, but it is much better than the harvests of recent years; and, moreover, there have been good harvests all over the world. Wheat consequently is very cheap; nearly six shillings a quarter cheaper than it was twelve months ago; half-a-crown cheaper than two years ago; and nine and sixpence cheaper than three years ago. It was expected that the effect of the fall in prices would make itself felt quickly, especially as credit continues good, and the value of money is low. This has not happened, however, because there is very little speculation at present. Whether this is due to apprehensions that money may become dear at the end of the year, or to caution inspired by past experience, it is a very healthy sign.

From July 1 to the last Saturday in October seventeen of the principal Railway Companies earned 537,000*l.* more than in the corresponding period last year; and of this amount 225,000*l.* was in goods traffic. It follows, since there was a larger movement of commodities, that there must have been a more active trade. And what is thus shown by the railway traffic returns is confirmed by trade circulars and market reports. From every part of the country, and from every kind of trade, the testimony is that, whether prices have risen or not, a large business is being done, and that the prospect for the future is better. Still more significant is the advance of 10 per cent. in wages just given to the colliers. If the employers were not doing a more profitable business, and if they did not think that trade would continue good, they could not afford to concede so large a rise in wages. In the iron trade, again, we find increasing production with decreasing stocks; in other words, the consumption both at home and abroad is larger than the production, and the stocks in public stores and in makers' hands are consequently decreasing. Against all this has to be set, no doubt, a decrease in the Clearing House Returns for several weeks past when we compare them with the corresponding returns last year. But the decrease is mainly due to a falling off in speculation. Last year there was a rampant speculation in Paris, which reacted here; whereas this year there is very little speculation in securities. It is also true that the Revenue Returns are not quite satisfactory; but it is the liquor duties that are unsatisfactory, and the falling off there is

generally attributed, whether rightly or not, to increased habits of temperance. There is one other point worth referring to as confirming what we have said of the improvement in trade. Since the beginning of September the amount of gold withdrawn from the Bank of England for internal circulation has been considerably larger than in the corresponding periods of the last few years. It seems to follow from this that trade throughout the country is more active, employment more general, and wages higher and of greater amount. For in no other way can we understand a demand for an increased currency lasting so long. It is now a little over three years since the American purchases of iron gave the impetus to trade in this country which put an end to the depression that had previously lasted so long. It was then hoped that the revival would be much more rapid and much more marked than it has proved to be, and there are observers who maintain that the prosperity now existing is a mere reflex of foreign action, having no independent home basis. Moreover, it is noteworthy that during the last two or three months of each of the past three years there has been a decided improvement in trade, and yet that this improvement has been lost in January or February. Is it to be anticipated that the same thing will happen now? We do not think so. As we observed above, the harvests this year all over Europe and America have been much better than for a long time past; bread consequently is very cheap, and is likely to continue so; and, therefore, the wages of the working classes go further than they did. Workmen have a larger margin to spend upon other things than mere food, and their expenditure on these other things gives a stimulus to all the trades with which they deal. These trades in their turn, doing a larger business, and making consequently larger profits, will be able to spend more upon the trades subservient to them. And thus the improvement will be transmitted from trade to trade. Nor does there seem to be any influence that would counteract this improving process. Money is cheap, and is likely to continue so. There are no appearances that much gold will be withdrawn from London for New York, and, if not, there seems no reason why money should become dear. Unless, indeed, there should be a Stock Exchange crisis in New York, there are no appearances of financial difficulty anywhere. That too much capital is being sunk in the United States in the construction of new railways cannot be doubted, and that the banks there have ventured too far in financing these new ventures is, we fear, true. It is possible, therefore, that in New York there may be financial difficulties which may react upon this country. Otherwise we see no reason to expect dear money. The panic in Paris last January has compelled speculators there to be wary, and there is no probability, therefore, of difficulties in Paris, unless indeed they arise from political causes. With ourselves there is little speculation, credit is good, and trade is sound. Thus there are no serious difficulties to be apprehended here at home, and apparently, too, trade disputes will not interrupt the improvement. Employers and employed in the coal and iron trades have just given evidence of moderation and good sense, and the arrangement now come to may probably last for a considerable time.

The check given to trade in the last three springs appears to have been caused by exceptional circumstances. In 1880 it arose from the falling off in the American purchases of iron, which had been unprecedentedly large all through the autumn and winter preceding. But, as there have been no abnormally great purchases of any commodities by the United States this year, such a cause is not likely to operate now. In 1881 the check was occasioned by the exceptionally bad weather. It is to be hoped just now that we have had as bad weather as we shall see during the winter. Last year the check was brought about by the panic on the Paris Bourse. It is possible, indeed, that we may have a somewhat similar panic in New York; but, on the other hand, there are no symptoms of immediate crisis there, and the crash may be postponed for a long time yet. Unless, then, untoward accidents occur, we see no reason to apprehend a check to trade in the spring, while the conditions at home are decidedly favourable to increased improvement. Cheapness of food, the rise of wages, and cheapness of money are all highly conducive to improvement. How cheap food stimulates trade has often been explained. That a rise in wages is also favourable seems at first sight to contradict the received doctrine; but when it is said that high wages are unfavourable to trade, it is only meant that they are so when they become excessive, or when from any circumstances consumption is falling off, so that a little addition to the cost of production causes it to decline still more. At present wages are certainly not excessively high, while consumption is increasing, not diminishing. When, therefore, the working classes receive a reasonable addition to their earnings, and when at the same time food is cheap, they have a large margin to expend upon other trades, and all these trades benefit from the increased expenditure. The bootmaker, the milliner, the draper, and the clothier, all profit by increased expenditure on the part of the working classes, and these tradesmen in their turn are able to lay out more in the shops where they deal. Thus it is incontestable that a moderate rise in wages, when the prosperity of the country is rising, tends to stimulate the improvement. When, indeed, workmen insist upon further and further advances, the danger is that they may so add to the cost of production as to bring about a decline in consumption, and thus check the trade upon which they depend for their livelihood. But we are yet a long way from this point. Equally favourable is the cheapness of money. It is possible that towards the close of the year the value of money may rise, and it is also possible, as we

have observed above, that difficulties may occur in the United States; but dear money in any case is not likely to last long, and while credit is good and money abundant, improvement in trade may reasonably be expected.

REVIEWS.

FARRAR'S EARLY DAYS OF CHRISTIANITY.*

BY the "Early Days of Christianity" Canon Farrar would have us understand, not the sub-apostolic times of Clement of Rome, of Polycarp or Ignatius, but the yet more important period from the seventh to the tenth decade of the first century, during which the Epistle to the Hebrews, the Catholic Epistles, and the Apocalypse, were written by Apostles or apostolic men for the edification of the yet infant Church. These goodly volumes comprise, in fact, a continuation of his two previous books, *The Life of Christ* and *The Life and Work of St. Paul*, and carry his readers up to the period when St. John, in extreme old age, completed the canon of the New Testament in his first or general Epistle. We are bound to say that our author, in this elaborate effort of his nimble pen, although he may have missed the freshness and vigour which characterized his *Life of Christ*, has had the good sense to discard those tricks of style and faults of taste which his critics, and ourselves among the number, could not help noting to their sorrow in his *Life and Work of St. Paul*. Not but that here and there we light upon phrases and even sentences which we might have thought beforehand could have been written by no one who had a scholarlike jealousy for maintaining the purity of the English language (e.g. "not living in a state of nervous scare," vol. i. p. 165); but there is enough of matter, some of it indeed very disputable matter, in Canon Farrar's new book, to engage the attention of readers who care more for the substance than the outward form, when the questions at issue are both interesting and important.

Our author's treatment of the Book of the Revelation is perhaps the most salient point in the present work, and its ample discussion fills more than a hundred and fifty pages of his second volume. Others had contended before him that St. John's Apocalypse had reference mainly, if not exclusively, to contemporary events which were being accomplished before the Apostles' eyes; but Canon Farrar urges his arguments with a degree of confidence and earnest reiteration very characteristic of him, and imposing enough to the unlearned or hasty reader. The mystic number of the Beast, "six hundred threescore and six" (Rev. xiii. 18) has been the very *crux* of interpreters from the age of Irenæus to the present day. Mr. Gladstone, we believe, has attained to the questionable honour of being one out of a host of conspicuous persons from the letters of whose names, regarded as numerals, the full sum has been made up. "XCV," writes our new expositor of the mighty secret, "the very look of it was awful. The first letter was the initial letter of the name of Christ. The last letter was the first double-letter (st) of the Cross (stauros). Between the two the Serpent stood confessed with its writhing sign and hissing sound. The whole formed a triple repetition of 6, the essential number of toil and imperfection; and this numerical symbol of the Antichrist, 666, stood in terrible opposition to 888—the three perfect 8s of the name of Jesus" (vol. ii. p. 295). Whence comes the perfect number 888 we have not been able to ascertain; but it is refreshing to learn, on Canon Farrar's evidence, that the personality of 666 is fixed beyond "any possibility of doubt" (p. 290). It is a grand "discovery," like that of a planet or other heavenly body, which, once made, is made once for all, and can never be obliterated from the face of the sky. "The secret has been almost simultaneously rediscovered of late years by Fritzsche in Halle, by Benary in Berlin, by Reuss in Strasbourg, and by Hitzig in Heidelberg" (vol. ii. p. 296, note 3). It must be granted that their solution of the riddle is very ingenious, a little too much so perhaps to be true. For suppose we transfer the date of the Apocalypse to an earlier period in St. John's life than is usually accepted, which would certainly account for some of the peculiarities of its style when contrasted with that of his Gospel and Epistles; supposing, again, we set aside the testimony of Irenæus, who alleges that he was exiled to Patmos in the reign of Domitian—whom would the Christians thirty years before Domitian have regarded as Antichrist, the very personification of the power of evil? Surely it must have been Nero, the exceeding wickedness of whose age our author sets forth in shocking detail, as proved by a flood of authorities accumulated by him years ago for the use of his more sober and happier studies. Who save Nero, the scourge of Rome, the persecutor of the Christian faith, under whom were put to death the Apostles Peter and Paul? Take up the notion, then, that the Beast is Nero, Nero Cæsar; turn the name, not into Latin, which does not lend itself readily to such rough treatment, nor into Greek, which would afford a wrong result, but into Hebrew, dropping, as of course, the vowel points. Thus we have *Nron Kjr*: discard the troublesome *j*, which is, or ought to be, occasionally dispensed with (and here

the illustrious Ewald boggled, and so missed the truth, at least for a while), and we get for our final result, giving to each Hebrew letter its proper numerical power, $n(50) + r(100) + o(6) + n(50) + k(60) + s(200) + r(100) = 666$; $\delta\epsilon\iota\chi\alpha\iota$, as a closer reasoner than Dr. Farrar was wont to say. And as Nero is thus manifestly the creature indicated by the mystic number, so our author goes on to demonstrate that he possesses no less than sixteen distinctive marks of the Beast, tracing his fanciful analogies in such a manner that we have but one objection to make to them—namely, that by the same kind of process one might arrive at any foregone conclusion that is convenient for the moment. The first mark will suffice for us, since it is neither better nor worse than the rest. The Divine Apostle "saw a Beast rise ('coming,' Rev. Version) up out of the sea," by which, says our commentator, "is perhaps indicated not only a Western power, and therefore to a Jew a power beyond the sea, but perhaps especially one connected with the sea-washed peninsula of Italy." Perhaps, perhaps.

Now we should be grieved to treat this subject lightly, however rash we may deem it to expound Scripture in this fashion, and we have the advantage of approaching the Revelation without any prepossessions to bias us; we might almost say with honest Adam Clarke, as cited by Canon Farrar, "I cannot pretend to explain the book; I do not understand it." But then we do expect that a time shall come in the history of the Church and the world when its general design and principal symbols shall be patent to the humblest capacity. All we maintain amounts to this, that the case certainly is not so now. We would ask any careful reader to go through the Apocalypse from the fifth chapter to the eighteenth; and, bearing in mind all that our author has told us of the exceeding corruption of the age and its rulers, all that we are able to reproduce of the sufferings of the primitive Christians, and of the stern retribution that overtook the Imperial city, first in Nero's reign, then in the miserable struggle in her streets between the partisans of Vitellius and of Vespasian, in which the Temple of the Capitoline Jupiter, the inmost shrine of Roman worship, was burnt to the ground (A.D. 69); let a dispassionate student realize all these calamities by the utmost stretch of his imagination, and he will feel at once their utter inadequacy to represent the sublime images of the Apocalyptic visions—the seals, the trumpets, the vials, the final overthrow of Babylon to rise no more. No comparison can be instituted between the prophetic figures and their presumed historical accomplishment. They belong to different regions of intellectual existence. If words have any adequate meaning, no supposed exaggerations of poetry will bring them together. This is our fundamental objection to what is called the Preterist scheme, and enables us to dispense with the discussion of details. It concerns us nothing whether the five kings that are fallen (Rev. xvii. 10) include Julius Cæsar or begin with his successor; who is "the one that is"; whether the seventh that is "not yet come and must continue a short space" be Galba, or Otho, or any other pretender; whether "the Beast that was, and is not, even he is the eighth, and is of the seven" (ver. 11), be Nero *redivivus*, whom that generation is said to have looked for to plague the earth again, or an anticipation of Domitian, the second persecuting Emperor. Canon Farrar may settle all these by-questions with M. Renan and his compeers just as he pleases. His main interpretation is *tota peccatum*, a capital blunder from beginning to end.

But, however widely Dr. Farrar may be mistaken in his exposition of the Revelation, he clings firmly to the belief that it is really the composition of the Beloved Disciple. The Hebraic rudeness of its unpractised style makes us all willing to believe that a considerable interval of time elapsed between his writing this book and the others attributed to him in the canon of Scripture, but there is no ground for thinking that its date must be placed before the fall of Jerusalem (A.D. 70), although that terrible event is never referred to in its pages. The letters to the Seven Churches, especially that to Ephesus, the diocese of Timotheus (Rev. ii. 1-7 compared with 1 Tim. 1-3), would certainly suggest a later period; and the expressions in Rev. xi. 1, 2, no more imply the present existence of the Temple than does the passage from which they are drawn, Ezek. xl. 1-3, put forth when the holy house was undoubtedly in ruins. In the case of the Epistle to the Hebrews, on the other hand, our author strives to pile up elaborate proofs for the opinion he had casually thrown out in the *Life of St. Paul*, that Apollon was its writer, and not the Apostle to the Gentiles. Nay, to such an extent has he assured himself of the fact that he ventures to ask and take permission to use the name of Apollon by anticipation, "at least hypothetically, in order to avoid cumbersome periphrases"; and very oddly, to say the least of it, sounds this substitution of an unfamiliar name in the various references made by the Canon to this great Epistle, e.g. "Apollon is arguing with the Hebrews, and arguing with them on admitted principles." For advancing Apollon to this honour as a canonical writer there may be said to be no ground whatever, except that throughout the Epistle may be found traces of Philo's philosophy, and that Apollon was a man of Alexandria, and so was Philo. The Epistle to the Hebrews, as is well known, has been attributed in ancient times to more than one person with more or less plausibility (as to Barnabas, or Luke, or Clement of Rome, or Aquila, or Titus, or Silas!); to Apollon by no one before Martin Luther, whose idle guess "has been accepted, with more or less confidence, by an ever increasing number of trained and careful critics of all schools" (vol. i. p. 339). Among the number of these we were pretty sure to find Le Clerc and Dean Plumptre, Ordner and

* *The Early Days of Christianity*. By Frederic W. Farrar, D.D., F.R.S., late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, Canon of Westminster, and Chaplain in Ordinary to the Queen. 2 vols. London: Cassell, Petter, Galpin, & Co. 1882.

De Wette, but could have been content to miss the names of Tholuck and Dr. Moulton; it being remembered that the Church of his native Alexandria knew nothing of the claims of Apollon, and that not one fragment of his known compositions yet survives.

To his exposition of this Epistle Canon Farrar has subjoined a new version of his own, made before the appearance of the Revised New Testament, yet very nearly coinciding with it in substance. Where the Revised Version does not agree with him in the text, it most frequently does in the notes, although our author's renderings are somewhat more paraphrastic than those of the Revisers. A few verses in a passage not exceptionally difficult (Heb. ii. 5-9) will show the tone and genius of his translation:—

For not to angels did he subject the age to be, respecting which we speak. But one somewhere testified, saying, What is man, that thou rememberest him? or the son of man, that thou lookest upon him? Thou lowerdest him a little in comparison to the angels; with glory and honour thou crownedst him [the next clause is omitted by reading, but not so in the Revised Version]; all things didst thou subject beneath his feet. For in subjecting the universe to him, He left nothing unsubjected to him; but now we see not yet the universe subjected to him, but we look upon Him who hath been for a little time [R.V. margin] made low in comparison of angels—even Jesus—on account of the suffering of death, crowned with glory and honour, in order that by the grace of God he may taste death in behalf of every man.

The First Epistle of St. Peter attracts, as well it may, the reverent admiration of Dr. Farrar. "Its authenticity is supported by overwhelming external evidence," and it was probably written from Rome not long before the Apostle's martyrdom. No book of the New Testament is more full of Christ and his complete redemption, and in many places the sentences are, as it were, a mosaic pieced together from the Psalms and the Prophets. But our author is especially attracted to this grand Epistle by two passages from which he draws inferences which we cannot call unfair, but which are somewhat less definite than he naturally regards them. We should be sorry in this place even to touch upon the doctrine of eternal punishment, which has been taught, and most unwillingly taught, in the Church of all ages on the authority of such texts as Matthew xxv. 46, Mark ix. 48. It is well known with what zeal and spirit Canon Farrar has set his face against what we will call the popular opinion on this solemn subject, and how he has been told in answer, as he says the Apostles were before him, that he is "no theologian" (vol. ii. p. 138). His own vigorous onslaught has been met in a tone and temper which we deeply regret, even though he may have himself to thank for a portion of his punishment. As it is, we think he takes that punishment impatiently, and it is at times very painful to see him turn aside from some vigorous narrative or fair discussion to scold opponents who are as earnest in their search after truth as he can be. We had marked as we read onwards a score of such passages, *à propos* of nothing, all tending to the same end as the following, which we can afford to cite as innocent, and, under limitations, not un instructive:—

There may be some truth in the old motto, *Bonus textarius bonus theologus*; but he whose knowledge is confined to "texts," and who has never studied them, first with their context, then as forming fragments of entire books, and, lastly, in their relation to the whole of Scripture, incurs the risk of turning theology into an erroneous and artificial system. It is thus that the Bible has been misinterpreted by substituting words for things; by making the dead letter an instrument wherewith to murder the living spirit; and by reading into Scripture a multitude of meanings which it was never intended to express.—Preface, p. lx.

Very fair and useful is this caution, only that Dr. Farrar must remember that, from the very necessity of the case, he is a textuary himself sometimes. He has imported into two separate verses of 1 Peter, disjoined from their context, a meaning on which he insists quite vehemently, but which, as he knows and states, is not usually attached to them. The two passages, as we hardly need say, are chap. iii. 19; iv. 6. In the former place, wherein the Lord is represented as going down into Hades and preaching unto the spirits in prison, which aforetime were disobedient, he has the weighty sanction of Bishop Horsley, in one of those magnificent sermons (No. xx.) whose like a superficial and bustling age has now banished from the pulpit. The second text, if it stood alone, would be too obscure to prove much any way; let us see how it is moulded in the plastic hand of our author:—

"For to this end, even to the dead was the Gospel preached, that, as regards men, they may be judged in the flesh, but may live as regards God in the spirit." In the last verse we again encounter the ruthlessness of commentators. "The dead" to whom the Gospel was preached are taken to mean something quite different from "the dead" who are to give an account. The dead to whom the Gospel is preached are explained away into "sinners" or "the Gentiles," or "some who are now dead." Augustine, as might have been expected, leads the way in one wrong direction, Calvin in another. Another view—which makes the verse mean that "Christ will judge even the dead as well as the living, because the dead too will not have been without an opportunity to receive the Gospel"—is, indeed, tenable. To me, however, judging of the feelings of the Apostle, from his boundless gratitude for the opportunities of obtaining forgiveness, and from the love which he inculcates towards all mankind, the connexion seems to be, "The heathen, in all their countless myriads, who seem to be hopelessly perishing around you, will be judged; but the very reason why the Gospel was preached by Christ to the dead was in order that this judgment may be founded on principles of justice, that they may be judged (*κριθῶσι*) in their heathen capacity as sinners, and yet may live (*ζῶσι*) to God as regards the diviner part of their natures"; [comparing in a note 1 Cor. v. 5; xi. 31, 32]—if, that is, they accept this offer of the Gospel to them even beyond the grave (vol. i. p. 169).

We will say nothing more about this elaborate exposition than this, that whether we adopt or reject it, it is as genuine a result of textuary accommodation as any against which this writer protests.

Perhaps Dr. Farrar is at his best when handling the character, spirit, and works of St. John. He regards the three Epistles (for he unhesitatingly accepts the two short ones as genuine) as the latest Books of the New Testament, later probably than the Fourth Gospel. We have hardly light enough to come to any conclusion on that point, nor does it matter much, since he places them all within the last decade of the first century. The Epistles of the brothers James and Jude he treats as certainly authentic; regarding the second Epistle of St. Peter he is doubtful, and a little more than doubtful. It seems to us that he lays too little stress on the resemblance of the first chapter of the second letter to the style and spirit of the first; and, if the authenticity of the second be granted, we do not much object to his notion that 2 Peter ii. was derived from Jude, not *vice versa*. Our own study of the internal evidence has landed us in the opposite conclusion, but the question is obscure and of no especial moment. He is at a world of pains to show that James was not the Apostle, the son of Alphæus, but that both he and Jude were brethren of the Lord, who believed not until after He had risen from the dead. He certainly makes one point which is of some slight consequence, that although the Western Church, at least the English branch of it, in her services for May 1, plainly identifies the Apostle with the Lord's brother, the Greek Church keeps the festival of the one on October 9, of the other on October 23. On the relation in which the Lord's brethren stood to Himself and the Blessed Virgin, we are treated to a whole chapter which might well have been dispensed with. Dr. Farrar may be assured that it is through no disparagement of holy matrimony or the sanctities of family life that men imbued with the spirit of ancient Christianity instinctively shrink from the bare notion that these once unpromising "brethren" were Mary's children according to the flesh, but that the discussion of such a question seems to them unedifying and irreverent. And so we leave the matter unargued to the silence which best befits it.

We have endeavoured to give a true account of this book, so far as our space will allow. It is not a great work, but it is not a literary failure, as we hold that the *Life of St. Paul* was. We cannot cure our author of his idiosyncrasies—in that respect we must take him as we find him; but this we may say, that his new performance would be greatly improved by his exhibiting more patience under contradiction, by applying not a little revision and compression, and (will he forgive us if we add?) by some retrenchment of his characteristic indulgence in feminine gush.

THE SOLDIER'S POCKET BOOK.*

"I DO not profess," says Sir Garnet Wolseley, in a preface to the fourth edition of this work, "to write on the science of war." We should imagine him to be eminently capable of discoursing wisely upon the theory of his art; but at present he is content to "deal with all subjects connected with the actual practice of warfare, especially under those phases in which it is most commonly presented to us in our wide-extending Empire." These subjects are indeed multitudinous and various. We are not surprised to learn that "these pages are the result of my leisure hours for four years." But what is most noteworthy is that "almost everything in this volume is deduced from my own personal experiences." Not only has the writer seen a great deal of service in all parts of the world, but he has reflected on what he sees, and records his impressions without prejudice. When the first edition of the "Pocket Book" was published, there were but few modern military works in our language, the military education of the army was at a very low level, and had there been ever so many books, there would have been very few persons to read them. General McDougall's, Colonel Graham's, and Lord de Ros's military works were excellent of their kind; but we doubt if they aroused any great degree of interest in or out of the army. When General Hamley's most remarkable volume on the "Operations of War" first appeared, it was regarded as a curiosity. People felt proud that an Englishman should have stepped into Jomini's shoes, and eulogistic notices were written in the newspapers; but we suspect that outside the Staff College there was little real appreciation of the work. It was not till the terrible drama of 1870 was being enacted almost under our eyes and in our hearing, that the nation was at length thoroughly aroused to reconsider its military position. And it may fairly be said that the business of improvement has been going on more or less actively ever since. Though Radicals and sentimentalists may cry out against the nation giving its first and best attention to the preservation of its own life and health and wealth and honour, yet it may be trusted that in the long run patriotism and common sense will carry the day. The hearty and general welcome accorded to our troops returning from their victorious campaign is of happy augury for the future. The War Minister who claims to have "organized victory" may now perhaps be encouraged to refrain from making further peddling and hurtful economies in reducing the strength of those arms of the service which cannot be improvised in the hour of danger.

The moment, then, has been well chosen by Sir Garnet Wolseley for the republication, in a revised and enlarged edition, of his *Soldier's Pocket Book*. We only regret that the writer, on the eve of his departure for Egypt, had not time for "seeing the proof sheets

* *The Soldier's Pocket Book for Field Service*. By Lieut.-General Sir Garnet J. Wolseley, G.C.B., G.C.M.G. Fourth Edition. London: Macmillan & Co.

through the press"—there are occasional typographical errors—but especially that he was debarred from "adding a few articles on new subjects of interest." It is evident that in a work containing such an immense variety of matter, and such an enormous number of expressed opinions, there must be room for criticism. But, having diligently turned over the pages more than once, we must confess to finding little holding-ground for the critic. One or two subjects, indeed, are not allowed quite the prominence they are entitled to; for instance, that of military surveying—one with which Sir Garnet is most thoroughly acquainted—is only casually dealt with. The information given is of no value to a draughtsman who knows his business, and can be of little use to one who does not. The "rough specimen" which is appended of hilly country may or may not have sufficed for practical purposes in Crimean times; but no Staff officer nowadays would think of producing such a specimen, even though it should be qualified by the adjective "rough."

Sir Garnet has a valuable article on the movement of troops by railway. Those who have not given some attention to the subject would be surprised to learn how complicated is the operation of despatching a considerable force to any distance. If the journey is short—say from London to York—it would be an actual saving of time to send an army corps by road rather than by rail. Of course where, as is often the case abroad and in America, there is only a single line, the despatch of troops and *matériel* is attended with long delays. "Trains can only be despatched from the termini at intervals of twice the time it takes a train to run from one crossing-place to the next one. Thus, if a train takes thirty-five minutes running the longest distance between any two crossing-places on the line, trains should not be despatched from either terminus at shorter intervals than seventy minutes." On a double line the number of trains running at the same time may be almost without limit; but only "under the most favourable circumstances" and "by the most extraordinary efforts" could there be despatched 67 trains in the twenty-four hours on the best double line in England. As an army corps with its attendant transport requires 135 trains, each of 34 carriages, it would take two whole days and nights of unremitting labour to start it.

We turn with interest to see what the author has to say on the subject of infantry attack and defence. He differs from high German authority when he maintains that the defensive has the best of it. Sir Garnet holds that it would be a matter of surpassing difficulty to oust British infantry from a position properly occupied. It makes, of course, a vast deal of difference who are the attacked and who are the attacking parties. For instance, it may be regarded as certain that Sir Garnet Wolseley would never have dreamed of making a direct front attack on Tel-el-Kebir if the entrenchments had been held by Germans or Russians or Frenchmen. And here it may be remarked parenthetically, that since Tel-el-Kebir we are likely in future to hear a good deal more of starlight marches. Some few years back the late Major Charles Adams, Professor of Military History at the Staff College, a man of keen military insight, observed that in the next great war that army would win which first learned how to march at night. The prophecy has, on a small scale, been singularly fulfilled. But on the subject of attack and defence there is probably everywhere substantial agreement so far, that the defence in an entrenched position (and all positions are now entrenched) has a manifest advantage over the attack where two armies are about equal in numbers and fighting power; but that where the attacking force is more numerous, it enjoys greater opportunities than was formerly the case of manœuvring an inferior enemy out of position. German deductions from German experiences in 1866 and 1870 must not always be accepted without reservation. It should be remembered that the Germans triumphed over an enemy inferior to themselves, except perhaps in the quality of courage, in almost every point which goes to secure military efficiency. One of their deductions, indeed, must be held to be palpably wrong. They were armed with a relatively inferior rifle, and, arguing from its performances, they conclude that defending infantry should reserve their fire till the attack comes within about four hundred yards. This amounts to saying that the defence does well in voluntarily depriving itself of the services of weapons exceedingly effective up to the limit of the "zone of aimed fire," or 700-800 yards, and capable of doing much damage within the "zone of unaimed fire," or 800-1,200 yards. As an English writer well puts it, "If men cannot be trusted to fire steadily when the enemy is at a distance, how shall they be relied on to do so when the enemy has pushed his way in much nearer?"

We are glad to find Sir Garnet Wolseley advocating the employment, on a large scale, of mounted infantry in war. He thinks the proportion between them and the cavalry might be three or even four to one. "Galloways, or even mules, if horses are not to be had, will do for mounted infantry, so the creation of this force cannot interfere with the supply of horses for the cavalry and artillery." But he does not contend, as some do, that cavalry can be dispensed with. On the contrary, he writes, "Without cavalry it is really impossible to obtain information of the enemy's doings, or to keep up your communications efficiently. Cavalry can be, however, of but little use unless the officers and non-commissioned officers are well educated in reconnaissance duty. I regret to say that ours is sadly deficient in this knowledge."

It is not every day that we hear a high official allowing that the work of the army is surcharged with correspondence which might be curtailed, and with "returns" which might be dispensed with. According to our experience Staff officers revel in returns. But Sir Garnet assures us that "the Royal Artillery above all other corps

seem to revel in complicated returns." Nothing is more calculated to impress the outsider on entering a Staff officer's room than the sight of a large pile of big blue envelopes bursting with returns. No useful purpose that we could ever discover is served by this luxury of correspondence; and in the field the practice of communicating by pen and paper is carried to a pernicious extent. "A certain quantity of paper and pen work cannot be dispensed with, but the absurdity of heads of departments corresponding with one another when their tents are close together should be put an end to." The question of correspondence is closely connected with that of the existing division of the Staff. Sir Garnet wishes for the amalgamation of the Adjutant General's and Quartermaster-General's departments, and the substitution, as is generally the case abroad, of a Chief of the Staff with the required number of subordinates. "The division into two branches is, in my opinion, very much to be regretted, the heads of each at all our stations being co-equal." It would be a more simple arrangement that "every army corps, division, or brigade, should have a principal Staff officer to be the mouthpiece of his general."

There are in this volume, among the vast array of statistics, which, by the way, we believe to be thoroughly trustworthy, some that will be examined with curiosity. We suppose most people think when they read of a great battle, that all the men on either side were engaged in fighting, or at any rate were at some time or another under fire. Why should one side have been defeated if it had not put forth all its strength? But, says the author, "during the great battles of the Franco-German war, the numbers engaged were so great that seldom more than two-thirds of those present were ever under fire at all." At Sadowa, in 1866, the Prussians brought 221,000 men into the field, but only 129,000 came under fire. In the same battle the defeated Austrians brought 215,000 men into the field, but no less than 65,000 of these were never in action. When we consider the tremendous fighting in 1870 and the number of battles, it is surprising to learn that only 7,000 men were killed and less than 50,000 men wounded in the German army during the whole war by rifle-bullets; and still more remarkable that only 700 men were killed and 4,440 wounded by artillery fire. "I trust," adds Sir Garnet, "that these figures . . . will put a stop to the cry for more guns which one still hears occasionally." When we compare the losses incurred at such battles as Gravelotte and Sedan with those incurred in the smoothbore days of Borodino and Waterloo, it is plain that increased facilities for destroying are not accompanied by a corresponding amount of destruction. "At Gravelotte the Germans lost 1'60 per cent. in killed, and 5'46 per cent. in wounded." At Borodino the Russians lost 10 per cent. in killed and 30 per cent. in wounded; the French, who were the victors, having a still higher proportion. It cannot be said that battles are of much shorter duration now. Waterloo and Gravelotte were both begun about noon, and finished about seven o'clock in the evening. It took six hours to fight out Austerlitz, but no less than twelve to settle matters at Solferino. In spite of the enormous superiority of the Germans at Wörth, that battle lasted for seven and a half hours. It may perhaps be the case that, from the great use to which entrenchments will be put in coming wars, it will take longer than ever to find out which is the winning side.

To exhibit Sir Garnet Wolseley's thoroughly practical way of looking at matters, we jot down one or two extracts taken here and there. "Pursuits. You have won a great battle, and the enemy is in full retreat; run after him; hammer him with guns, charge him with cavalry, above all things pass round his flanks, and keep pushing him and hitting him from morning until night. His forces will soon cease to be an army." Again, after assuring infantry they have nothing to fear from cavalry, he addresses the latter:—"It should be instilled into the mind of every cavalry soldier that his arm of the service is invincible, and more than a match under all circumstances for infantry or artillery, either singly or in masses. If he thinks otherwise, the sooner he exchanges into the infantry the better. Every cavalry soldier should be a fanatic upon this subject. All should remember the old cavalry proverb, 'Commend your soul to God, and charge home.'" There is a little bit of advice which some may think not inapplicable to one or two Staff officers with whom they have had relations:—"The Staff should remember they are but the agents of the general, and paid public servants. The Staff officer should feel bound by his position, if not by his breeding, to treat every one with the courtesy due from one gentleman to another. Some officers acquire a notoriety by brusqueness and incivility. When such men are tolerated, it is always to the detriment of the army. The motto for the Staff should be 'Affability and reticence.'"

The Soldier's Pocket Book should be in the possession of all those for whose information it was compiled, as it certainly will be in the hands of such as aspire to emulate the author in what the Prime Minister lately called his "vast and accurate knowledge of the details of his profession."

THE ENGLISH CITIZEN.*

IT is held to be a rustic and childish thing on receiving a letter to turn it about and speculate on its contents before opening it. We shall confess, however, that on taking into our hands Mr.

* *The English Citizen.—Foreign Relations.* By Spencer Walpole. London: Macmillan & Co. 1882.

Spencer Walpole's account of "Foreign Relations," we indulged in certain preliminary speculations of a not dissimilar kind. Would Mr. Walpole content himself with a sketch of the Foreign Office and of the diplomatic and consular services? That seemed simple and instructive, but somewhat unambitious, and withal hardly capable of occupying a treatise to itself. Would he give an historical survey of the actual attitude of England to foreign Powers in the past? That seemed impossible in the space at his command, besides being dangerously controversial, and not entirely suitable to the plan of the series. Or would he launch out into a treatise on the foreign policy of nations generally and of England in particular, as conditioned by her position, history, and circumstances? That might be made a most valuable thing in hands of sufficient strength; but it was not a thing for the first-comer, and nothing that we had previously seen of Mr. Walpole's work led us to think that, as to this subject, he was other than the first-comer—a first-comer artlessly equipped with a few commonplaces of modern politics. Certainly a good treatise on foreign relations would be an excellent thing for the English citizen. For that personage has often shown himself, and never more so than recently, to be destitute even of the remotest notion of the subject, despite its immense importance. Not a few of his political pastors and masters know little more of it than himself, and of those who do know something more, too many think the subject one on which party convenience is alone to be consulted. If the English citizen, as a rule, had even the faintest notion of what foreign relations are and what they mean, it is quite certain that Mr. Gladstone would not now be in Downing Street. The reader may be left to his own opinions as to the advantage or disadvantage of this; he will not, if he knows anything of foreign politics or foreign relations himself, attempt to dispute the fact.

So we at length opened our volume, and discovered that Mr. Walpole had avoided the third plan altogether, except to give vent occasionally to the above-mentioned mild commonplaces about nationalities, about the transfer of policy from the interests of dynasties, *et patati et patata*, but that he had combined the first two. An impossibly meagre sketch of historical foreign policy in England is followed by an unprofitably brief sketch of the offices and services which at the present time carry it out. If this book be compared with Mr. Walpole's former volume in the series, *The Electorate and the Legislature*, it will be found that political prejudice is absent from it in a creditable degree. There is one great exception, of which more anon, but there is no other of importance. Mr. Walpole, therefore, is not likely to do much harm; but it is impossible to think that he is likely to do much good. A mere sketch of a subject so complicated as the foreign policy of England during eight centuries, at the rate of eight years to a page, can be of little value. However, it may be as well, because of the vast importance of the subject itself, to go through it and notice what is worth noticing.

Mr. Walpole makes, almost at the opening of his book, a statement with which we should agree most heartily if it were not that he seems to have confused its terms. He says that "it ought to be impossible for a Foreign Minister to reverse the decisions at which a nation has seriously arrived." We should say that it ought to be impossible for a nation to reverse the decisions at which a long series of Foreign Ministers have seriously arrived. For "the nation" will never, not if it buys Mr. Walpole's book by the million copies, succeed in understanding foreign policy, and that policy ought therefore to be excluded from the decisions at which it is the nation's good pleasure seriously to arrive, and on which it is the nation's good pleasure seriously to turn its back alternately every six years or so at general elections. The truth is that the foreign policy of a country is in one sense an infinitely simple, and in another an infinitely complex thing. Its nearest analogue is the conduct of a complicated house of business with branches in every climate and rivals to every branch. To govern it by "serious decisions" of a popular electorate is about as sensible as deciding on the purchases and sales of such a concern by a vote taken among the clerks of the establishment, the servant maids and children of the partners, and the sailors of the vessels that carry their goods. All of these persons are deeply interested in the welfare of the house; almost all of them are profoundly incompetent to direct its affairs.

It would, however, be hopeless to expect from Mr. Walpole assent to any such position as this, and the most that we can expect is that he shall at least expound facts impartially. No doubt he always intends to do this, but he does not always do it. It is not an exact or impartial way of instructing the English citizen to tell him that after Waterloo the statesmen who met "had nothing to do but to consider the interests of dynasties, while before five years were over the wisest statesmen were forced to consider the interests of nationalities." The dynasty was to the statesman of the older kind (and his works did not altogether fail to justify him) the concrete symbol of the nationality, and in consulting the interests of one he consulted the interests of the other. Nor will the assertion, hackneyed as it is, that the chief champion of the old doctrine in Europe was Alexander of Russia, and that his ablest supporter was Metternich, commend itself to any student of Metternich's Diary and Memoirs. But we do not feel bound to discuss Mr. Walpole's historical statements at length. A few only need be noticed. Mr. Mozley's *Reminiscences* appeared doubtless after Mr. Walpole had finally corrected his sheets, or he would not have said that the

Alabama mishap occurred through "the serious illness of the Queen's Advocate." But such things are matters of small importance. On two occasions, however, Mr. Walpole has committed serious errors—one of principle and one of fact. We refer, in the first case, not to his attempt to minimize the undoubted constitutional right of the Crown, through its Ministers, to take the initiative and maintain the control in foreign policy. Pernicious as this error is, it is too much in keeping with Mr. Walpole's whole system of political judgment and argument for us to expect him to avoid it, and it is indeed a little surprising that he has stated the facts as fairly as he has. The mischievous error of principle to which we have referred is one of his rare transgressions to the domain of abstract and speculative foreign policy. He lays it down as "tolerably plain" that "a guarantee is nothing more than a promise to consider the expediency of support when the occasion for it arises." How far this may be an attempt to excuse the policy of the Liberal party in England on more than one occasion during the last twenty years we are not prepared to examine. It is certain that it is an utterly mischievous doctrine, shortsighted in the extreme, and certain to lead any nation which for any length of time adopts it into one of those perilous situations of isolation amid malevolent neighbours from which only the greatest luck can allow it to escape without harm—it may be without ruin. If at any period a guarantee treaty becomes distasteful to the nation making it, it should be promptly "denounced"; if it has not been denounced it should be maintained at all hazards. Indeed Mr. Walpole's own authorities for the statement are of the weakest. The present Lord Derby is too much in the position of *Bardolph*; we do not like the security of a man who has professed himself in almost so many words to be a peace-at-almost-any-price man. As for Sir James Mackintosh, it is sufficient to say that his argument goes no further than to the denial of any obligation on the guaranteeing country to support the guaranteed in an unjust and aggressive war. One may grant this unreservedly, and yet refuse to accept the monstrous proposition that a national promise of support means nothing more than that the promisers will perhaps "see about it" when the time comes.

The second serious error in Mr. Walpole's book is not one of opinion; it is one of fact. This is how he attacks the Eastern Question:—

The alarm which was felt at the advance of Russia was founded partly on truth, partly on error. The error was occasioned by an almost universal ignorance of the geography of Central Asia. *It was rebuked on one occasion by a distinguished statesman, who had the good sense to advise his fellow-countrymen to study large scaled maps.* Unluckily, large scaled maps of Central Asia are hardly procurable, and the ordinary Englishman is consequently compelled to content himself with maps which give him an imperfect apprehension of the vast distances which Russia has still to traverse before she reaches the boundaries of India, or of the character of the deserts which obstruct her progress. But, in addition to this prevalent misconception, there is a truth which stimulates and explains the alarm which is felt at the advance of Russia. The Russian Empire is the only great country which has literally no outlets under its own absolute control. The White Sea is only open for a certain portion of each year; the traffic of the Baltic Sea must pass through a narrow Strait or Sound; and every ship which sails out of the Black Sea must pass under the guns of Constantinople. Yet these three precarious and difficult gates are literally the only maritime outlets for the commerce of eighty millions of people. No other community on the face of the globe would have tolerated such a state of things with so much patience as the Russians have displayed in submitting to it. As surely as the river seeks the ocean, so does every great people gravitate towards its natural outlet—the sea. It may be possible to direct its march, just as it is practicable to turn the course of a river. It would be as easy to stop the river as to arrest the nation.

With the latter part of this paragraph we shall not concern ourselves, but unless the statements italicized were inadvertently written, the earlier part of the passage contains a grave *suppression veri*. In the first place, Mr. Walpole must, if he is qualified to write a book on foreign policy at all, know that Lord Salisbury's often-quoted and much-abused words had reference only to one particular point, the south-east corner of the Euxine. The space which intervenes between Trebizond and Peshawar authorized and authorizes the statement of the late Foreign Secretary. It does not authorize the general inference which Mr. Walpole draws from it. But, once more, if Mr. Walpole is qualified to write a book on foreign policy at all, will he tell us where the "vast distances" are which Russia has "still to traverse before she reaches the boundaries of India," and what is "the character of the deserts"? We have had no such difficulty in procuring large-scaled maps of Central Asia as Mr. Walpole seems to have experienced, and as perhaps has prevented him from knowing exactly what he is saying. The "prevalent misconception" of which Mr. Walpole elsewhere speaks is, as he will find if he will look at the maps (the Russian official maps are surely large-scaled enough for him), a misconception the other way. The Duke of Argyll has evidently misled Mr. Walpole, and he thinks that Russia is still on the eastern shore only of the Caspian, still struggling in the deserts of Khiva or of Merv. She is not, and any man who attempts to maintain the contrary incurs the gravest responsibility. It may, as Mr. Walpole afterwards urges (and here he puts both pros and cons fairly enough), be that the actual presence of Russia on the frontiers of India would be of no hurt to England. That is arguable; but the vast distances and the deserts are not. Mr. Walpole ought to know this; from his statement we can only suppose that he does not know it. Yet he is a professed historian, and writes on foreign politics. If such are the qualifications of such a man, what are likely to be those of the average elector, to whose whim and caprice Mr. Walpole would apparently like to entrust unreservedly the weal and woe of the English realm?

A THRIFT BOOK.*

THERE are few questions more important to the political economist than how to promote thrift among the working classes. A partial solution of this difficult problem will be found when thrift becomes again a virtue fashionable among the upper classes. Another Peninsular War, and nothing less, will be requisite to bring about a reform so desirable. Thrift, by which we do not mean "putting by," but rather judiciously investing, has almost disappeared. It is scarcely credible that rich people know what they are doing through their carelessness in this respect. They cannot possibly recognize the demoralization they cause by the foolish and objectless waste common in most large establishments, or be aware that they are fostering pauperism in its worst forms. Servants come out of such houses imbued with the idea that extravagance is a fine and lordly thing, and that thrift is mean. Miserliness is meanness, no doubt, but thrift is not miserliness or even saving. Mere hoarding, as the writer of the volume before us well observes, is "indefinitely deferring the advantage of the money," with the risk of losing it by death or robbery. But thrift, he points out, is the wise management of money so as to get as much as possible from it, and that at the earliest date. The person who lives from hand to mouth is sometimes compelled to buy on credit or at the highest price, while the thrifty man, who has money in hand, can always choose his time and his market. If all classes in England do not learn these wholesome lessons now, it will not be for lack of literature on the subject. There are many indications abroad of a general interest in comfort, cleanliness, and health, as well as in artistic beauty. The homes of England are improving in many places. Though our great-grandmothers were notable housewives, seamstresses and gardeners, there came a time when education, or what was called by the name, diverted the minds of ladies from everything but headwork, as distinguished from handwork. Now a healthy reaction, partly due to the fact that the average housemaid is at least as well educated as her mistress, is setting in, and the once clever *hausfrau* is likely to regain her position in the national esteem. *The Thrift Book*, a portly compilation of more than six hundred pages, with a capital index, is the most important publication, so far as variety of subjects is concerned, which we have yet seen, for the benefit of people of small means. The poorest class are often so overweighted that they have no heart to exercise the thrift they absolutely need. The daily struggle for mere food and shelter is as much as they are able for, and sickness or slack work soon reduces them to absolute poverty. High wages do not add so much to the comfort of the lowest class as they should, owing to the bad habits acquired in childhood, and to the absence of any desire for respectability and independence. But for those likely to benefit by this book there is more hope, though the income of a clerk or a small tradesman does not always exceed that of an able-bodied navvy. In the one case the income provides a wretched cellar or garret, drink, and dirt; in the other, tidy clothes, a clean house, and wholesome food. The difference is not in the money, but in the man, and still more in the woman.

The Thrift Book begins by showing how to save and how to rise in life. It truly says that one of the greatest secrets is to be able to resist petty temptations. The pawn-shop, the public-house, the morning sleep, the too early marriage, the "lark," must all be avoided by a working-man who wants to "better himself." Small pleasures, small gains, small frugalities, must not be despised. Next comes a chapter on "Home: how to get it, and how to keep it," in which are both wise counsel and also legal advice and information of a practical kind. There is truth in the observation that "there is scarcely an instance on record of a man becoming prosperous by his own exertions who has been willing to tolerate an habitually neglected house." Even one room, and that not in itself particularly desirable, may, by means of whitewash, paper, and scrubbing, be made wholesome and cheerful. There is no reason why it should be a place of chronic discomfort and fail in giving a feeling of rest and possession. No phrase is more full of sadness and despair than that of "homeless poor." Another chapter is devoted to furnishing, and useful hints are offered as to beds, stoves, blinds, and suchlike things. There is, no doubt, a large percentage of bad landlords, who own property in all our great towns, and only care to squeeze every penny they can out of their unfortunate and helpless tenants. But in most cases there are faults on both sides, and the best landlords are often seriously discouraged by unworthy tenants "who think nothing, on leaving their tenements, of destroying and disposing of every morsel of iron or wood they can lay their hands upon." It is of no use to put in a convenient kitchen grate for such people, unless it can be constructed so as to have no moveable part, not even a tap. If a dresser is provided, the shelves are stolen or made into firewood. The "cheapest fender," of which there is a cut, is a painful object, composed of scroll work in cast iron, and is not only ugly, tawdry, and inconvenient, but difficult to clean and easy to break. Perhaps the best ever invented for cleanliness and comfort is the old-fashioned kitchen fender with two bars. It forms a rest for the feet, may even be used as a seat, and keeps in all dust and ashes. We should always be inclined to recommend it in preference to the ghastly invention of the modern ironmonger here represented. The same criticism applies to a "cheap and nasty"

chiffonier, which would cost about 3*l.*, and would not be half as convenient, thrifty, and in real taste as a plain wooden dresser, or bookcase, with a cupboard underneath.

The next division is devoted to wives and daughters, home management, and orderly ways. There is naturally much to be said on these subjects. The smaller a house is, the more need to prevent neglect and slovenly ways. The harder a man works, the more he requires to be well fed and cared for. The greater the number of children, the more necessary it is that they should be trained in habits of punctuality and industry. There is a good hint under the heading of "'Father's Dinner' when he is engaged in out-of-door work. The traditional basin, with a handkerchief over it, often taxes the family resources." Sam Smart is held up as an example, or rather Sam Smart's wife. She reclaimed him from the "Fox and Goose" by making a thick, double flannel-bag in which to put a bottle of hot coffee. Sam, who must have been a model husband, used to declare that the coffee was hotter after six hours than when it was first put in. We must suppose, also, that Mrs. Sam dressed his boots with waterproofing, did not allow him to know which was washing-day, had tea ready five minutes after his return home, kept the windows bright and the house free from blackbeetles, according to the admirable rules here laid down. In addition, there are directions for paperhanging, painting, varnishing, stencilling, and various other decorative and cleanly processes for embellishing a cottage and making it pretty to look at as well as comfortable to live in. After the consideration of home and its surroundings we come to the relative merits of different kinds of foods, and scientific reasons why, for instance, peas are more nourishing than arrowroot, and beef than veal. Sugar is very sensibly recommended for children, not in the form of "sweeties," but in their food. The universal craving of little boys and girls for "lollipops" is too often treated as natural depravity and repressed accordingly. It is an instinct answering to a physiological requirement, and many a half-nourished child is kept from illness by the occasional pennyworth it is enabled to procure. But, given in food, sugar is much more useful. We are glad to see a strong protest, on the other hand, against salt beef. It is one of those survivals, so hard to get rid of, since days when a family killed a cow for their winter consumption, and were obliged to corn a great part of the meat as the only way of preserving it for use. Now that fresh meat is to be had in even the poorest village, it is a pity to see it robbed of its nutrition and made indigestible from a mistaken idea of economy. Fifty pages are taken up with cooking recipes. They are in no way remarkable, and not always sufficiently explicit to be easily carried out by ignorant or stupid amateurs. The national Scottish dish "haggis" is made without any onions—a most serious omission, and one which, at least to native taste, would completely ruin the concoction. Real "Scotch collops" consists of raw meat finely chopped and only cooked a few minutes, not of slices of real boiled, as here prescribed. Neither can we approve of the recipe for "bubble and squeak." It is not done in the good old-fashioned way. The omelette, too, always a test of a good cookery-book, is not rightly described. The eggs should not be beaten up light, nor should they be fried until they are brown. The directions for brewing are clear and may be good, but few people practise them at home now.

If the directions for brewing are little likely to be used, it is to be hoped that the same is not to be said of the next chapter. "Cottage Etiquette, Good Manners, and Personal Discipline" form an excellent division. The cultivation of everyday politeness would save many a broken head and many a police-court trial. A large percentage of the women who receive rough usage from their husbands may thank their own ungovernable tempers and reckless ways for their misery. The editor of *The Thrift Book* shrewdly remarks that a neatly spread table will probably induce even the surly labourer to say, "Please pass the bread," instead of "Chuck over the loaf." Good manners, like charity, ought to begin at home. Friendship or relationship too often means merely a licence to be offensive. The hints on manners in the workshop and the street, on swearing, on notions of gentility, and on rough morals, would, if attended to by the working classes, revolutionize their habits. The apologue of Mr. and Mrs. Naggs is very well carried out. This capacious book includes a very good and sensible chapter on domestic medicine, one on gardening, one on needlework, one on dressmaking, and an excellent summary of family and personal law, in which the whole history of banns and licences, registration and protection, vaccination and education, is fully expounded. In short, *The Thrift Book* touches on all those subjects about which the working classes require information, and the only question that arises is as to the means by which its teaching may be brought to their notice. We do not bear quite so much of late as to the nobility of the British rough. Benevolent people are beginning to see that he still needs a touch of polish, and that he is not born good any more than a member of the despised upper classes. We do not undertake to say how the publishers are to bring their elaborate treatise to his august notice. He is still so far unregenerate as to prefer the *Police News*. But there may be people who have sufficient influence over him to be able to make him or his wife a present of the book; and, as there are 652 pages, he can light his pipe twice a day for nearly a year with it before it is all gone.

* *The Thrift Book: a Cyclopædia of Cottage Management and Practical Economy for the People.* London: Ward & Lock.

ANCIENT BATTLE-FIELDS IN LANCASHIRE.*

THE Manchester Literary Club, as our readers are aware, has of late given many proofs of an unpretentious but healthy activity, which may cause some of the older and more specialist societies of both city and county to look to their laurels. Four papers read before the Club by one of its original members, Mr. Charles Hardwick, the author of a History of Preston, form, as he expresses it, "the nuclei of the four chapters" of the volume now before us. Much that is of value has no doubt been added during the process of expansion; but we often cannot help suspecting, with regard to this or that passage in these papers, that, while agreeing,

for the general satisfaction,
To print it in the next Transaction,

many members of the Club might have preferred it in its original and shorter form. Mr. Hardwick, in fact, besides being given to an amplitude of exposition which no one begrudges the enthusiastic antiquary, is fond of heaping quotation upon quotation, though at times the simple statement of a generally accepted fact might have well sufficed for his purpose. He is, indeed, capable occasionally of placing a curb upon himself, as where he states, with regard to "the unfortunate Henry VI., the departed son of the renowned victor at Agincourt," who was taken prisoner after the battle of Hexham, "beside Bunkerley hyppingstones," near the bridge above Clitheroe, that his "fate is too well known to necessitate further reference here." But he is less sparing on other topics, historical, etymological, and what we presume he would term "æsthetic," on which it is difficult either to say or to quote anything now. "Mr. Jno. R. Green's" *Making of England* is a book in everybody's hands, and there was accordingly no necessity for repeated citations of the *ipsissima verba* of its author; while on so well-worn a theme as the relations between historical novels and history it seems unnecessary to array Sir Francis Palgrave, Dean Milman, and Mr. Leslie Stephen against the general public and the author of *Harold* in prose. In his etymological excursions, too, Mr. Hardwick is apt to be lengthy, and to refuse to take anything for granted.

On the whole, however, if we allow Mr. Hardwick that breadth of statement which, within reasonable limits, becomes the function which he has assumed, the reader will find him a straightforward and lucid guide to localities associated—or held, on more or less conclusive evidence, to be associated—with some of the most interesting events in our history. We say "more or less conclusive," for no rational mind will expect the same kind of evidence concerning the victories of King Arthur as concerning those of King Athelstan. Mr. Hardwick has, we think, rightly seized the true relation between historical legend and history in general, and has conscientiously applied his principles in the crucial case of the Arthurian story. The Carolingian romance, as he justly points out, stands on a somewhat different footing; for though, from some points of view, it may present very close resemblances, there is the great difference that in its case we can appeal to satisfactory historical evidence, while "the mythical gloom of legend and tradition obscures so much of the probable historical facts" in connexion with the Arthurian story "that our path is beset with difficulties which cannot be solved otherwise than by analogical inference." As to the Arthurian legend, Mr. Hardwick is well advised in taking up the virtually unassailable position that "there may undoubtedly have existed, nay, there probably did exist, a British chieftain who fought against Teutonic invaders during some portion of the two or three centuries occupied in the Anglo-Saxon conquest, whose name was Arthur; but his deeds, whatever may have been their character, have been so exaggerated and interwoven with far more ancient mythical stories, and confounded with those of other warriors, that his individuality or personality, in a truly historical sense, is apparently lost." He accordingly declines to subscribe to the more robust creed of Mr. Haigh, who even maintains "the substantial historical veracity of Arthur's invasion of" what it is, to say the least, confusing to call "France," as Mr. Hardwick calls it in his reference. It is, by the by, a rather hazardous conjecture, though, for that matter, one of little importance either way, that the paucity and irreverence of Shakespeare's references to Arthur show the poet to have agreed with William of Newbury in contemning the fables of Geoffrey of Monmouth. More to the purpose would have been a note to the effect that, though the Arthurian cycle furnished the subject of more than one Elizabethan drama, and in particular of an early tragedy (*The Misfortunes of Arthur*, by Thomas Hughes), which treated the theme in anything but a sceptical spirit, and was produced with especial care at Gray's Inn, no less a personage than Bacon co-operating in the management, yet it never really domesticated itself on the stage, as it so soon afterwards did in non-dramatic literature.

Inasmuch as by Mr. Hardwick's own showing there can be no certainty with regard to the general locality of the Arthurian conflict, any attempt to identify the site of particular battles must be of a purely hypothetical nature. It is, notwithstanding, natural enough that the explicit statement of Nennius, or (as Mr. Green has it) "the compilation which bears the name of Nennius," that four of Arthur's battles were fought on the banks of a "river called Douglas, in the region Linuis," and the further statement of

Geoffrey of Monmouth, that a very great army of Saxons, Scots, and Picts was routed by Arthur "by the river Douglas," should have led to eager controversies as to the whereabouts of this river. The reading "Dubglas" in some copies of "Nennius" suggested "the little stream Dunglas, which formed the southern boundary of Lothian." Mr. Skene (not cited by Mr. Hardwick) placed the four battles on the Douglas which falls into Loch Lomond; and was controverted, in accordance with the general theory of Dr. Guest as to the Arthurian localities, by Mr. Pearson, who advocated the site of the Vale of Llyfni in South Wales. But the Lancashire antiquaries, beginning with Whitaker, were determined to claim the locality of these legendary battlefields for the river Douglas which falls into the estuary of the Ribble, after passing through the neighbourhood of Wigan. This conflict of opinions, which we have no desire to compose, involves, as will be observed, another controversy as to the locality of the district, spelt according to different readings *Linuis*, *Cinuis*, and *Innis*. According to Pearson, this is "the district of the Llyfni River in Glamorgan"; but Whitaker had, with not less confidence, concluded that it was "one of the cantreds or great divisions of the Sistanian Kingdom, and comprised, perhaps, the western half of South Lancashire." Mr. Haigh, adhering to the reading *Innis*, takes the same view, and supposes that the name of the district in question "represents Ince, a name which is retained to this day by a township near to this river" (Douglas), "a little more than a mile to the south-west of Wigan, and by another about fifteen miles to the west, and which may possibly have belonged to a considerable tract of country." This suggestion, which Mr. Hardwick judiciously calls "as probable as any of the many others" that have been offered, has some curious but far from convincing evidence in its favour. On the traditional scene of the fighting there remained till the year 1770, as Whitaker states, "a considerable British barrow, popularly denominated Hasty Knoll," in which were occasionally found, besides many fragments of iron, "remains of those military weapons which the Britons interred with their heroes at death"; and when the barrow was levelled, the "evident grave of the British officer," together with his not perhaps equally evident dust, was discovered beneath. Many bones of men and horses, as well as horseshoes, were found in the neighbourhood of Wigan; and, indeed, the very name of that town is appealed to by Whitaker as a standing memorial of its warlike association. On this head it will suffice to add the earlier part of Mr. Hardwick's footnote, which, claiming for Lancashire what we suppose to be common to the British Empire, reminds us that "giving a man 'wigan' in the present vernacular of the county is synonymous to giving him a good thrashing." All this, in our humble opinion, does not go for much; but there is considerable force in another argument adduced by Mr. Haigh. Geoffrey of Monmouth states Arthur to have marched against the Saxon Colgrin upon York, whereupon Colgrin met the British king with his armada, and, "being defeated on the Douglas, was pursued by Arthur to York and there besieged." Manifestly this will neither agree with the Scottish nor with the Welsh hypothesis nearly so well as with the Lancastrian. Mr. Hardwick, who, as we have seen, does not rashly commit himself to the actual acceptance of any theory on the subject, contributes in support of a Northumbrian site an ingenious conjecture. It is based on the statement of Geoffrey of Monmouth that Cadwalla, the King of the Western Britons, who afterwards in alliance defeated Edwin of Northumbria at Heathfield, where he fell, engaged in negotiations with Edwin, while their armies lay on the opposite banks of the river Douglas. Now Cadwalla (if we are so to call him) is, as the readers of Mr. Freeman's monograph on *King Ince* are aware, a personage of by no means well-defined individuality, while it is incontestable that "the legendary Arthur has absorbed no inconsiderable portion of the reputations, in the north of England, of . . . veritable British warriors." This, then, would make it probable that the Lancashire river Douglas, as the traditional scene of great battles, was associated from an early date with the victories of Arthur. The question of the reality of these victories is, however, hereby left untouched.

Mr. Hardwick has elsewhere illustrated, from a very different chapter of Lancashire history, the tendency of popular tradition to associate the memories of war and destruction with a single great name. It does not, he observes, appear on any good authority that Cromwell ever visited Lancashire, at all events in command of an army, except on the occasion of the famous campaign of 1648, which was so speedily crowned with victory at Preston. Yet, strange to say—or rather, perhaps, not at all strange to say—in Lancashire as in other parts of England "the redoubted Oliver seems to have absorbed all the castle and abbey-destroying heroes of the national history, old Time himself included." In a general way, Mr. Hardwick is inclined to attribute something of this to a confusion between the Protector and the Lord Vicegerent in matters ecclesiastical of Henry VIII.'s days. But in Lancashire the habit (doubtless on account of the active part played by the county in the Civil War) seems to be specially inveterate, and its results at times are specially unreasonable. Mr. Hardwick remembers being as a boy seriously informed that Clitheroe Castle was battered into ruins by Oliver Cromwell. In point of fact, Clitheroe Castle was at the time of Cromwell's march upon Preston in the hands of a portion of the Lancashire militia, who held it for the Parliament; and it was not till the end of the Civil War that Clitheroe, with other castles, was dismantled by order of the Council of State, in order to prevent an untoward occupation in the event of a renewal of the war. In the same way an un-

* On some Ancient Battle-fields in Lancashire, and their Historical, Legendary, and Æsthetic Associations. By Charles Hardwick. Manchester: Abel Heywood & Son. London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co. 1882.

authenticated local tradition, repeated by no less widespread an authority than Baines, asserts the castle at Bury in Lancashire to have been bombarded by the Parliamentary army from an intrenchment called Castle-steads, whence, according to Mr. Hardwick, no ordnance could at that date have carried; and a more circumstantial MS. narrative shown to the author adds a reference to a loyal cavalier, Edward (p. 156) or Adam (p. 157) de Bury, whose existence at the time seems extremely problematical. On this head, however, we must leave the decision to the learned genealogists of the Chetham Society.

We must pass by Mr. Hardwick's chapter on the defeat and death of St. Oswald of Northumbria, at Maserfeld, which, after a long "phonetical and topographical" discussion of the subject, arrives at no very decisive conclusion on the conflicting claims of Winwick in Lancashire, and Oswestry in Shropshire—the former of which was likewise the scene of a Cromwellian victory. The mention of a diversely interpreted rude piece of sculpture in the outer wall of Winwick Church, long supposed to be the crest of St. Oswald, but connected by popular tradition with the legend of a "demon-pig" which haunted the neighbourhood, gives occasion for a long discussion on the origin of heraldry and the helmet crests of our Teutonic ancestors, into which we cannot follow our zealous antiquary. We likewise pass by the more conclusive discussion on the locality of the defeat in 798 of Wada, the head of the Northumbrian conspiracy of the murderers of King Æthelred. The name of this worthy survives not only in certain Chaucerian passages hardly admitting of interpretation to ears polite, but also in the local names of "Waddington, on the right bank of the Ribble opposite Clitheroe," and "Waddow, in its immediate neighbourhood, the how or hill of Wadda." As for the site of the battle itself, the names given by the English Chronicle and by Simeon of Durham are unmistakably recognizable in the modern Whalley, while *Billangahoh*, mentioned by the latter authority as the more precise locality, "is represented by its descendants Billinge, Billington, and Langho."

The last of the papers included in the volume before us is, like the first, of a nature to interest many readers who have no time or interest to spare for ordinary local archaeology. It contains one more discussion of the most vexed question of the kind in English history before the Norman Conquest—the site of the great battle of Brunanburh. Mr. Hardwick mentions (if our counting is correct) not less than fourteen places for which the honour of having been the scene of the great *Völkerschlacht* has been claimed, without including the bold suggestion of Edinburgh; and he adds his own solution, to which he adheres "after studying the subject now for five-and-twenty years," and which places the probable locality of the battle near the "pass of the Ribble," to the south of Preston. As he well remarks, though it was perhaps unnecessary to demonstrate the point at such length, the name of Brunanburh itself is of little importance in the inquiry in the absence of other evidence, inasmuch as the name, or equivalents or corruptions of it, can be brought forward by a large number of places. "*Brun* has been corrupted, according to the conjectures of the authorities which I have previously cited, into *Burn*, *Brom*, *Brum*, *Broom*, *Bran*, *Bam*, *Bourne*, *Brink*, and *Brin*." Without following Mr. Hardwick through the special course of his argument, and without pausing to inquire what he may mean by asserting that "the short *u* with us is oftentimes sounded nearly like *i*, as in burst, burn, &c., like the German *ü* in Reiter [*sic*], Müller, Prüssien, &c.," we may grant him that the name of the parish of Brindle, to the south-east of the "pass of the Ribble," will suit the purpose, as well as many others, more especially as there are other cognate names (Brinscall, Burncroft, Brownedge or Brunedge) within the district. A more daring conjecture is Mr. Hardwick's attempt to connect with the word *Ethrunamuerch*, mentioned by Simeon of Durham, as an alternative name for Brunanburh (spelt, we must add, according to another reading *Ethrunamuerch*), the local names of *Rotherham* Top and the stream *Roddlesworth*, in the neighbourhood selected by him. Finally, the suggested explanation of the popular appellation of a tumulus in the neighbourhood, Pickering Castle, as *Vikingring*, in reference to the Danish kings who fell in the battle, strikes Mr. Hardwick as seductive; but he is fortunately inclined to reject it in favour of his own tamer derivation from the Welsh *biera*, to fight, and the suffix *ing*, which he makes bold to translate "a field." But the strongest point of his argument cannot be said to lie in these hazardous, and occasionally more than hazardous, etymologies. Brunanburh ended with a flight of the Northmen to their ships; and it is certainly appropriate enough to suppose the ships of Anlaf to have lain "attending the army in the estuaries of the Ribble or Wyre." Furthermore, a persistent local tradition speaks of a battle fought in the Roddlesworth valley. There is, moreover, independent evidence connecting Athelstan with Preston and its vicinity. And Mr. Hardwick is fain to believe that the great Cuerdale find—i.e. the vast hoard of silver coins and ornaments discovered at Cuerdale, on the Ribble, opposite Preston—was buried there by the routed confederates in their flight after the battle; a view supported by the opinion of Dr. Worsaae, that "to judge from the coins, which, with few exceptions, were minted between the years 815 and 930, the treasure must have been buried in the first half of the tenth century, or about a hundred years before the time of Canute the Great." We agree with Mr. Hardwick that there is nothing in the statement that the war began by Anlaf's entering the Humber to render improbable the assumption of a Lancashire site, any more, for that matter, than of a Westmoreland one. And so we must leave the question,

which our antiquary's paper does not pretend to have settled, but to the solution of which it is a useful contribution. The sobriety of Mr. Hardwick's judgment in this as in other instances at least entitles him to a favourable hearing, though he may not have succeeded in vindicating to Lancashire all the ancient battlefields for which he would like to find places in its map.

HAWEIS'S AMERICAN HUMORISTS.*

TO Mr. Haweis's volume on American humorists is prefixed what he is pleased to call a prologue, and this he opens by saying that "in reprinting these Lectures, the first four of which I delivered at the Royal Institution last year (1881), I am quite aware that what was spoken extemporaneously, and intended originally only to be heard in a genial atmosphere, must lose some of its effect when read in cold blood." It is surely a pity that Mr. Haweis's utterances should lose anything by being read, but he has two reasons to give for their appearance in their present form. The first reason is that the shorthand reports of his lectures were imperfect—this is apt to be the case with shorthand reports of the lectures of even greater men—the second is that he "can at least plead Thackeray's example in my favour." "At least" is good. "Thackeray's *English Humorists*," he goes on to say with perfect truth, "was first heard in the lecture-room"; and of course this is an exquisite reason for reprinting Mr. Haweis's *American Humorists*, which have this one point in common with Thackeray's work, that they too were first heard in the lecture-room. Not the less may it seem a little rash on Mr. Haweis's part to have adduced the example of Thackeray, and thus suggested a comparison between himself and a writer who is perhaps not only better known, but may be thought to have possessed a little more talent than falls to Mr. Haweis's share. In the paragraph following the one from which we have just quoted, Mr. Haweis hopes "that the 'Wit and Wisdom' of others in the following pages will be found, if not enhanced, at least not impaired by the setting which I have here supplied, and which so lately appeared to receive the hearty approval of 'crowded houses' both in the east and west of London." It will not seem to many readers that Mr. Haweis's "setting" has "enhanced" the wit of Artemus Ward, notwithstanding the approval of the crowded houses. In his next paragraph, the author appears in the character of a linguist and a designer. "I may add that the Dandelion on the cover (*dent de lion*), despoiled of the six floating seeds—one symbolic seed for each of my humorists—appeared to me to indicate aptly enough the incisive bite, yet vagrant character of Wit." Then, despite his confidence in the excellence of his "setting," the writer seems suddenly to have thought that he might as well provide for the case of his efforts not being properly appreciated; so here follows a sly piece of satire for those who may be deaf to Mr. Haweis's charm. "Wit often seizes its prey with a truly leonine grip; yet sometimes it has to wander far in search of an appropriate soil—in vain do its seedlets fall upon minds without a sense of humour." The combination of the seed-lets and the leonine grip is surely most engaging.

After all this we come to what Mr. Haweis calls "Forewords on Humour and Wit," and these the ingenious author begins by announcing in a somewhat remarkable way a somewhat remarkable discovery which he thinks he has made. "I have," he writes, "read long and tiresome essays by Hazlitt and others, explaining the difference between wit and humour." It is difficult here to avoid regretting that Hazlitt had not the chance of reading long essays by Mr. Haweis and others, and giving us his opinion on them; but we pass on to find that Mr. Haweis, having lain awake at night thinking over the difference between wit and humour, has "come to the conclusion—that there is none. . . . Humour is the electric atmosphere, wit is the flash. A situation provides the atmospheric humour, and with the culminating point of it comes the flash." In face of such writing as this, what can one do but exclaim with Yellowplush, "Igsplane this men and angels!" But Mr. Haweis goes further. Having settled that there is no difference between wit and humour, he proceeds to say, "Let me analyse wit. It always involves an exaggeration, a reversal of ideas, a glimpse of the incongruous or the impossible." This position the writer supports by quoting an old ring-clown's joke, two equally old "Joes" familiar to showmen, and Dickens's lady who was carried home in a flood of tears and a sedan-chair. He is then so satisfied with what he has done that he proceeds "to sum up: Humour is the atmosphere, wit the flash. Humour lies in the situation, wit in its culminating points. It is sensible, moral, recreative, and stimulating. It always involves a shock of some kind, either of exaggeration, reversal of ideas, a sense of the incongruous or impossible." All these sentences, we may take it, and perhaps especially the incomplete one, are "the atmosphere." The "flash," or "the culminating point," must surely be this which follows them. "Its dignity is vindicated, its nature analysed." It is as simple as the Gordian knot or Columbus's egg. To define and analyse so intangible a thing as wit has hitherto puzzled even greater men than Hazlitt, who, as we all know, wrote such long and tiresome essays. Mr. Haweis considers the subject a little, and lo! the thing is done.

It is not, as we know, necessary that who drives fat oxen should himself be fat; but it is perhaps desirable that he

* *American Humorists*. By the Rev. H. R. Haweis. London: Chatto & Windus.

who discourses of humorists should himself have a sense of the humorous; and very early in Mr. Haweis's first lecture—on Washington Irving—we get a taste of his quality in this respect. "In school hours," he writes of Irving, "he feasted on travels and tales, and hated arithmetic. It is a remarkable and consoling fact that many great men have hated arithmetic. They have had many followers who have resembled them in nothing else." The author is so pleased with this gentle joke that he repeats it in a slightly different form only five pages later on. Irving says in a letter, "I am writing with a bewildered head and feverish hand, having returned at almost daylight from a fancy ball at the British Ambassador's." The lecturer adds, "Many people have felt like Irving under similar circumstances who have not resembled him in much else." Further on the writer quotes a delightful saying of Irving to his niece in his last illness:—"I am apt to be rather fatigued, my dear, with my night's rest"; and actually goes on to say that it reminds him "of the old lady who thanked God, and was sorry to say she enjoyed very bad health"—a proceeding which is perhaps a convenient index to Mr. Haweis's taste and appreciation of humour. Again, we learn that Irving had "the satire of Swift without his sour coarseness." The grace of Sterne, without his sham sentiment. The delicate flavour of Charles Lamb, without, however, the sly but severe bite of Lamb's satire." But it should perhaps have been mentioned earlier that, before discussing the particulars of Washington Irving's humour, Mr. Haweis has, in his large and light-hearted way, entered upon and disposed of the general question of American humour:—

To sum up [he says] the peculiarities of American humour:—

First, there is the shock between Business and Piety.

Secondly, the shock of contrast between the Aboriginal and the Yankee.

Lastly, the shock of contrast between the bigness of American nature and the smallness of European nature, or, as for the matter of that, Human Nature itself outside America.

Such a definition as this may seem to come tardy off after the great discovery that there is no difference between humour and wit; but not the less it may be infinitely precious in its own way.

From Washington Irving Mr. Haweis passes on to discuss Dr. Wendell Holmes, and in his treatment of this theme there are three points which are perhaps worth noticing. In the first place, a passage about horses gives the lecturer a chance of exhibiting his own humour as a complement to that of Dr. Wendell Holmes:—

My own experience is that there are three things about which even good men have no conscience at all.

The first is horses.

The second is violins.

The third is umbrellas.

At another point we have an authoritative statement as to Dr. Holmes's novels, which some of us have been uninstructed enough to find amusing. "Still the genius of Holmes will remain to the end desultory, fragmentary, capricious, and incapable of any sustained effort which would prevent him from flying off at some opportune tangent. From which it results that his desultory books are full of sustained interest, whilst his novels are, in spite of their power and originality, dull." The third point is that, in speaking of the love of goodness, Mr. Haweis permitted himself to deliver, and has now committed to print, the following sentence:—

It is the infallible test by which we involuntarily weigh the greatest spirits. MOSES, SOCRATES, PAUL, and above these the DIVINE MAN, are all safely enthroned; and on other pinnacles, which scarcely reach up to their pedestals, come, lower down, ALEXANDER, CÆSAR, NAPOLEON, HOMER, GOETHE, and even SHAKESPEARE.

In speaking of Mr. Lowell, to whom he incorrectly assigns "ambassadorial rank, the writer finds or makes an occasion for what, considering the circumstances in which it was delivered, is perhaps his most remarkable utterance. It is, at any rate, so remarkable that it may safely be left to speak for itself without comment. He has said something as to Emerson's skill and repute as a lecturer, and he goes off into this digression:—"Will our eminent men ever, as a rule, think it worth while to acquire this art? Not so long as *rol.* is considered an adequate fee for the best lecture, whilst *50l.* or *100l.* is willingly given for the best song. The old country is far behind the new in its estimation of high-class scientific and literary merit." It is perchance by way of exercising the sincerest form of flattery that Mr. Haweis constantly speaks of Parson Wilbur as "the Revd. Wilbur" without inserting his baptismal name between the prefix and the surname. In the same lecture Mr. Haweis falls foul of Mr. Lowell for omitting, in speaking of Pope's artificiality, any mention of "that one most perfect and extreme case, 'The Address of the Dying Christian to his Soul,' being, apparently, not aware that "that one most perfect and extreme case" is a copy of a copy. To Mr. Bret Harte Mr. Haweis is surpassingly condescending. He really has "no desire to disparage his achievements as a good all-round literary man." In dealing with "Mark Twain" the writer again gets a chance of at once repeating one of his discoveries about wit and humour and giving a practical illustration of his fitness to pronounce decisively upon the subject. "As a humorist," he tells us, "of course Twain deals with the various kinds of mental shock quite inseparable from all wit and humour." He goes on to say that "the shock of exaggeration as in the jumping frog" is to him the least amusing form of Mark Twain's humour; "for what, I should like to know, is the fun of saying that a frog who has been caused to swallow a quantity of shot cannot jump so high as he did before? I should have said after such a digestive exercise he could not jump at all!" With this

ineffably utter piece of appreciation we may fitly end a notice of a work as to which, to paraphrase a saying of a late English humorist, it seems to us that, although we have not "known it these twenty years, it is not in the least amusing."

HISTORY OF THE CHAPEL ROYAL OF SCOTLAND.*

THIS title raises a vision of that roofless, mutilated, yet still graceful ruin adjacent to the Royal palace, which is annually strayed through and stared at by the crowds of Southerners whom the love of grouse or trout, or sight-seeing, impels to scour the moors and mountains of the North as soon as the autumn holiday begins. This ruin, however, was not built as the chapel of the palace, but represents the church attached to the religious house of David's foundation, the Abbey of the Holy Rood. When the later kings of the Scots converted the Abbey into their own favourite quarters, the Canons had to make way for courtiers, and the old monastic buildings were remodelled into a palace. But it was not till the separate existence of the kingdom of Scotland had to all intents and purposes been merged in that of the wealthier kingdom to which the King and the Court had migrated, that the Abbey Church was converted into the Chapel Royal. That honour belonged of right to the chapel of the Castle of Stirling. It is, therefore, with this building that Dr. Rogers begins his history. Like most of the religious foundations of Scotland it owed its existence to one of the sons of Queen Margaret. It is a curious coincidence that this chapel was, like so many other churches on similar sites, dedicated to St. Michael, that favourite patron of such natural hill-fortresses on both sides of the Channel. Dr. Rogers suggests in a note:—

The Irish ecclesiastic, St. Malachi or Michael, visited David I. "in quodam castello suo," and healed his son, the Prince Henry (Forbes's *Kalendar of Scottish Saints*, 398). In commemoration of this event the name of the Irish saint may have suggested a dedication of the Chapel Royal alike to himself and to the chief of the apostles.

We hope Dr. Rogers will pardon us for here reminding him that, though opinions may differ as to which of the Apostles was the chiefest, St. Michael was not an Apostle at all, but an Archangel. During the regency of Albany the chapel was partly rebuilt, though, as Dr. Rogers remarks, for some time after this date

the King's Chapel, known also as St. Michael's, was a very small structure, while, as we have seen, the humble chaplain, at first recompensed with five pounds a year, was afterwards rewarded with a salary one-half beyond that sum. From the reign of James III. the institution became differently constituted.

This unfortunate king had civilized and artistic tastes which his savage subjects could neither understand nor brook. His attempts to establish a regular company of Court musicians, and to have a musical service in his chapel, are here told at length. The foolish fondness he showed to his musical favourites cost them their lives and himself his kingdom. His son and successor, James IV., carried out his father's wishes as far as concerned the chapel. By a bull of Pope Alexander VI., the chapel was turned into a collegiate church, where "one dean and several others—chantors, chaplains, and clerks—daily celebrated mass, and performed other important functions." At the same time the king caused the chapel to be "renovated, and adorned it with books, cups, and other ornaments." Stirling was the favourite dwelling-place of James V., who took from it his poetical title of the "Knight of Snowdon," and the chapel grew in riches under his patronage. But when Mary came into her kingdom, Holyrood quite took the place of Stirling in the Royal favour. Her up-bringing, amid the luxury of French palaces, had given her ideas of ease and comfort hitherto unknown in her native kingdom. The confinement of such a rock-perched fortress as Stirling would be intolerable to her. We find her, therefore, trying to transfer the endowments and ornaments of Stirling to the private chapel within the palace at Holyrood, but the proposal was so unpopular that she had to give it up. The christening of Mary's infant son took place in the chapel at Stirling, but the building was then in a very ruinous state, for when James VI. wished to have his son baptized there, the thatched roof and other parts were so out of repair that it was found best to pull down the whole chapel and build a new one. The king himself looked after the work, but all we know as to the appearance of the chapel when finished is "that the ceiling was garnished with gold, and that the walls were magnificently adorned with pictures, sculptures, and other ornaments." In after years the chapel that had been thus built was neglected and defaced, and used as a barrack, and a small chapel at Holyrood, which was pulled down when in Charles II.'s reign the modern part of the palace was built, became the Chapel Royal, and was made heir to the endowments and revenues which had previously belonged to Stirling. James VI. made over these rents to his favourite, John Gib, Groom of the Privy Chamber, in spite of a protest from the Estates, who were suddenly filled with a fit of righteous indignation at seeing funds set apart for the maintenance of a musical service diverted from their original object. When in 1617 the king came down to Scotland on a visit, the chapel was refitted, and a choral service after the manner of the Church of England performed in the king's presence, with "playing of organs, and singing of men and boys both before and after sermons," to the scandal and indignation of the Presbyterians. Charles I. went a step beyond his father, for he not only insisted

* *History of the Chapel Royal of Scotland.* By Rev. Charles Rogers, D.D., LL.D. Edinburgh: Printed for the Grampian Club. 1852.

that such a service should be held, but required that "all members of the Privy Council and of the College of Justice and other servants of the Crown should, under the highest penalties, repair to the chapel and there join in that sacred ordinance." The revolution once more gave the Presbyterians the upper hand. The chapel was pulled down along with the old palace in the following reign, but James II. made an attempt to turn the Abbey Church into a Chapel Royal in connexion with the Order of the Thistle.

Certainly one of the most interesting parts of Dr. Rogers's book is his notice of the origin of this Order. He shows that the use of the thistle as the national emblem of Scotland is not by any means so ancient as is vulgarly supposed. He asserts that it dates only from the reign of James III. The first time it is mentioned in connexion with the Royal family is in an inventory of household furniture belonging to the Queen, where one of the articles entered is a coverlet embroidered with thistles, described as a "covering of variand purpur tartar browdier with thrisillis and a unicorn." By the next reign, however, it was identified with the King of Scots by the poet Dunbar in his poem of the "Thistle and the Rose"; and James IV. kept up the poetical idea by using the thistle as his mint mark on his angels. The first idea of a collar of thistles was also his; at least there is a pattern supposed to be a wreath of this flower on the seal affixed to a letter from him to Ferdinand of Aragon. James V. wore such a collar in thistles of gold with a badge attached bearing the effigy of St. Andrew. And here again, with regard to the patron saint, popular tradition seems to be sadly at fault. The "silver cross to Scotland dear" has been so closely associated with the kingdom by poetry and legend, that it is hard to believe that it was first used as a national symbol in the reign of Robert II., when a gold coin was struck called the St. Andrew, bearing the figure of the Apostle on his Cross. As for the proud Scottish motto that now invariably accompanies the thistle, the "Nemo me impune lacessit," it was, as is believed, the invention of George Buchanan. Up to the time of James VI., Dr. Rogers tells us, there is no mention of a chivalric order of knighthood in Scotland. The thistle and St. Andrew was the badge of the sovereign only, and the first mention of an Order of St. Andrew is in 1613. When James VII. was casting about in his mind for an excuse for re-establishing a Popish service at Holyrood, he fell on the scheme of reviving an imaginary ancient Order of St. Andrew and setting up a chapel for it in emulation of the Garter at Windsor. Lauderdale is credited with the happy idea of making the knights of the same number as the Apostles. A suitable legend of the founding of the Order was very soon fabricated to please the king. The warrant issued for its revival set forth that the Order had been founded by Achaius, King of Scots, to commemorate his victory over Athelstan, when a white cross had appeared in the heavens and put his enemies to flight; that it had continued in great glory and splendour for many hundred years until, in the rebellion against Queen Mary, it had been broken up. The legend concerning the cross in the heavens is, as Dr. Rogers points out, merely another version of the story of Constantine's conversion, and first appears in Fordun's History, where the mythical Achaius and all the other stories are found on which the tissue of fable was based which, until lately, passed for the authentic history of Scotland. The Abbey Church was to have been the chapel of the Order, and it seems to have been part of the king's scheme to reconstitute it as a collegiate church. Father Hay, Canon of St. Geneviève, in Paris, was to have been its head, for, as he himself writes, "King James VII. intended to bestow that place upon our Canons of Saint Genoveves." However, the revolution came before all these arrangements could be carried out. Father Hay issued a set of printed rules for the regulation of his Catholic college. This led to riots, and a military guard was stationed in the Palace to keep the peace. But the attempt to ornament the Abbey Church only hastened its destruction, for the mob, not content with destroying the new fittings that had given so much offence, broke open the Royal vaults, and seriously injured the old building. As for the Order whose beginning was thus rudely checked, it was revived by Queen Anne, and has gone on flourishing ever since.

The Abbey Church itself, though it never attained to holding a full chapter of the Order, has seen many striking and varied scenes take place within its walls since its foundation by David in the twelfth century. It was three times burned by the English, and as many times restored and partially rebuilt. It has seen the burial of several of the Stuart line. There James II. was crowned, and there James III. was married to his Danish bride. Dr. Rogers thinks that the popular belief that Mary was married here to Darnley is mistaken. He has found in the marriage register of the Canongate the entry, with the words "Married in the Chappell" added to it—a sufficient proof, it would seem, that the ceremony did not take place in the Abbey Church, which was at that time used for divine service by the dwellers in the Canongate. It was also in the chapel that Mary had mass performed on her first coming to Scotland, and it was here that after her imprisonment Glencairn brought his followers to deface and demolish the altar and all the internal decoration which the Queen had put up. The complete ruin of the Abbey Church is due to an ill-judged attempt at restoration. In 1758 a roof of flagstones was put on, and though it was found to be much too heavy for the walls, was allowed to remain, and on the 2d December 1768, the roof fell into the interior, destroying in its descent the more considerable mouldings. In 1776 Hugo Arnot remarked the exposed remains of James V. and other royal personages, but three years later when he composed his History these coffins had been rifled.

Among the skulls seized by the populace were those of Queen Magdalen and Lord Darnley. The former at once disappeared, but Darnley's skull fell into the possession of Mr. James Cummyng of the Lyon Office, at whose death it was included in a collection of statuary at Edinburgh. It has not latterly been traced.

Dr. Rogers's style is unfortunately a great drawback to his book. Long practice in writing sermons has apparently made it impossible for him to express what he has to say in plain English. He has all the Scottish clerical delight in long words and far-fetched metaphors. He tells us that the king "cherished the harmonic art" when he means that he was fond of music. The musicians in his pages do not play upon instruments, they "discourse sweet music"; the death of any one of consequence is his "demise," and so on. When a man gets one living instead of another, this is a "compensatory arrangement." Charles I., Dr. Rogers tells us, "expiated with his blood his tergiversation and tyranny," thereby showing how hazy he is about the meaning of expiation. Again, when he has to tell that in such a year the chapel was built, he does it in a very grand style. Then "was reared at Stirling Castle the earliest semblance of a Royal fane." But it is not only by the misuse of words that Dr. Rogers obscures the sense of his sentences; his grammar is sometimes sadly at fault, as when he writes that, "In supporting and encouraging musical studies James V. was equally ardent as his royal predecessors." The fine-sounding sentence—

As from the ashes of the Pre-Reformation martyrs sprung up the seeds of religious freedom—so the odour of that conflagration which consumed the adornments of the Abbey Church has been felt ever since in the enjoyment of civil liberty and constitutional government—

must be quite unintelligible to any one not familiar with the Scotticism to "feel a smell." It is a pity that such blemishes should disfigure a book in which there is much that is curious and interesting to be found both concerning the Chapel Royal, and also the cultivation of music in Scotland at an early period. It is a good sign of the progress that has been made in sifting facts from fiction to find the early legends of Scottish history treated as myths in the pages of a publication sent forth by a society bearing the very Gaelic title of the Grampian Club.

THE MINISTER'S SON.*

WHEN one has reproved a child for a fault, and it has shown hopeful symptoms of reformation, one naturally feels disappointment when it relapses into its misdeeds. After flattering ourselves that our judicious correction had proved beneficial, it is both mortifying and humiliating to discover that it has been completely wasted. Now Miss Stirling has been, as a novelist, a favourite of ours. There is an agreeable freshness about her work that contrasts very favourably with that of the larger proportion of contemporary novel-writers. Although there is a rural atmosphere about her stories that makes the reader feel as if he were passing his time among country villages, amidst pretty scenery, and with simple-minded people, Miss Stirling is merciful in the matter of descriptions and in the use of that pest of fiction known as word-painting. Her characters, again, have more in common with real men, women, and children than those of nine-tenths of the scribblers who call themselves novelists. Her heroes and heroines are not impossible paragons of perfection, nor are her villains, as a rule, of that double-dyed type which make so many stories ridiculous. But while we have never grudged praise to Miss Stirling's work where we considered it due, we have ventured to point out, on more than one occasion, that her novels will not bear extension into three volumes. Our friendly hints on this point have apparently been unheeded, for the work before us consists of three rather bulky volumes, comprising more than nine hundred pages. When *Missing Proofs* came out, we welcomed its appearance in two volumes; and, although the novel was not faultless, we had great pleasure in recommending it as a bright, interesting story. *The Minister's Son*, however, has dispelled the illusion that its author had altogether forsworn three-volume novels. With about a third of its bulk lopped off, this book would be very readable. As it is, it contains many tedious passages. Unlike most padded novels, the padding is not so much in the second volume as in the first and the third; the result being that it is difficult to begin the book, and still more so to finish it. But, for all that, we have much to say in praise of this last work of Miss Stirling's. Although heavy here and there, it is very sufficiently interesting, and the characters in it are cleverly drawn.

The minister's son is not the son of a Minister of State, but of a clergyman of the Church of Scotland—whether Established, Free Kirk, or U. P. we are not informed. The minister intended his boy to "wag his pow in the pulpit"; but his son preferred to run away from home, and to enlist as a private in a marching regiment. Refusing to be bought out, he worked his way up, until he was rewarded for his services in Afghanistan by a commission. The heroine is the only child of a Scotch baronet, who owns a fine place and a large estate. She is beautiful, graceful, and good; she is beloved by the poor, and she is much attached to her northern home. She marries in the first volume, but her husband is killed in the second. What follows may, of course, be easily guessed. Personally, we do not much like the parading in novels of the

* *The Minister's Son; or, Home with Honours.* By M. C. Stirling. Author of "Missing Proofs," "The Grahams of Invermoy," &c. 3 vols. London: Trübner & Co. 1882.

idea of young widows marrying the loves of their childhood; but such things have happened in real life, and if it is agreeable to the taste of a novelist to select a plot of this kind, we have no right to object to it. The heroine's father is a fine old Scotchman, and there is a healthy tone about the character that one cannot help being pleased with. The minister's wife is well and carefully drawn, without exaggeration, and the minister himself is delicately sketched. One of the characters over whom most pains have been taken is a drunken village shoemaker, who becomes reformed under the influence of the heroine. The dry sayings of this old rustic form the most amusing portions of the book, but it is distressing to find so capital a character used occasionally for purposes of padding. A description of his relapse, after forsaking for some time his drunken habits, is exceedingly clever. There are few, if any, better passages in the whole novel. The tact shown by both the heroine and the hero in dealing with the old reprobate during the day following his debauch is worthy of careful study by all who, for charitable or other reasons, have anything to do with people of inebriate habits. There are a couple of aunts, both prim old bodies having their virtues and their failings. The heroine's aunt figures pretty frequently, and the horror of an aged Scotch maiden at the idea of a member of her family marrying beneath herself is admirably described. There is probably no human being that has more family pride than an old Scottish spinster—even, we may add, when her lineage is nothing very remarkable. The villain is a captain in the army, who is a contributor to the so-called Society papers. His character is scarcely so well drawn as some of the others; but the author has acted wisely in simply allowing him to "have to retire" from the army, instead of making him come to some awful end, like the conventional villain in novels. There is a lesser villain, who is, in our opinion, much more cleverly described. He is a riding-master in a cavalry regiment, and is a vulgar, dissolute man, who beats his wife and makes himself generally disagreeable; but he would have been painted even blacker by many writers, and there is the more credit to the author for describing him well, because he is not the kind of man that a lady would be at all likely to have seen anything of in real life.

As a rule, we do not like to read in fiction of impossibly perfect characters, but we own that we lost all patience with the folly of the hero and heroine in the latter part of the novel before us. It would be hard to say which of the pair acted most foolishly. We are far from saying that the conduct of either was unnatural. It would be almost impossible for the imaginary characters of a novel to act more foolishly than living people in real life; but it is a blunder on the part of a novelist to make his heroes behave in such a goose-like manner that the reader almost wishes them to receive the deserts of their folly. It is a mistake, again, to allow a misunderstanding to continue without reasonable cause. It is next to impossible to write a three-volume novel without making at least a moderate use of misunderstandings; but when there are obvious opportunities for the clearance of the difficulty, and the eyes of the characters are evidently blinded by the author for the sole purpose of enabling him to fill the required number of pages with "written stuff," the temper of the most long-suffering of readers is likely to become exasperated. In the case under our immediate notice, the heroine "misunderstands" so long and so obstinately that even at the end of the book, when her doubts are supposed to be cleared away, the reader scarcely feels sure that she is more than half convinced. Her love for her second husband appears to be rather a tolerating than an ardent affection, and the last chapter leaves an unpleasant suspicion on the mind that the marriage may prove anything but a happy one. Much as we dislike the folly of the hero, we have a still graver cause for objection to his conduct in the third volume. In addition to behaving like an ass in laying himself open to grave suspicions, he acted in a manner that was scarcely excusable in helping another man's wife to run away from him. The husband was certainly a low brute, but we do not think it at all desirable that the act of assisting an oppressed wife in escaping from her husband should be held up as a piece of chivalry. If the high-minded youths of the period were to begin to exercise their philanthropic instincts by encouraging ill-used ladies to run away from their homes, the consequences might be unpleasant.

It used to be considered a bold thing in a woman to attempt to draw battle scenes, but since Mrs. Butler astonished the world by her spirited pictures of war and warriors, ladies have considered themselves qualified to describe all the horrors of battle, with pen, brush, or pencil. We confess that when we observed that Miss Stirling was about to plunge into the Afghan war, we had our misgivings. They were, however, quite uncalled for. Indeed, we do not think that we ever read better descriptions of a campaign in a work written by a female hand. Miss Stirling has happily comprehended the fact that the moments of murderous fires, brilliant charges, and heavy bombardments, are few and far between, and that more than ninety-nine hundredths of the time spent in a campaign is occupied in dull, dreary drudgery. She dwells rather on the long, weary marches, the cold, the heat, the scarcity of food, the unmanageable bullocks, the tired mules, the slow camels, and all the prosaic discomforts of moving an army in an enemy's country, than on the rattle of musketry, the flashing of swords, the gallop of light cavalry, and the glories of victory. Nevertheless, she can describe an action well enough when necessary. The following is a good example of her powers in this respect:—

But those weary nine days ended at last,—and who that saw it will ever forget the night when a sudden tongue of flame leapt into the darkness

over the Asmai heights, flaring and flickering there—a signal to thousands that the decisive moment had at last come?

Ronald, as he lay quietly in his place behind the walls, gripped his rifle harder, and thought eagerly that the next few hours would see the end of the siege; that it could end in any way but one, he did not even contemplate. There were level flashes of light from the rifles, that showed a moving mass of men many hundred yards from the walls; and presently there arose a sound that might have appalled the stoutest heart,—a murmur—a yell—a roar of voices, increasing, malignant, terrible, rushing on upon the British line. Then at last an order sounded, and back came the British answer; no shout of hatred or defiance—the men were sternly silent—but a continuous thundering peal of deadly fire.

"They're wavering—they'll break in a moment—there they go!" cried Ronald later on, as the spreading light showed more clearly the swaying masses of the foe; and thus, their ranks torn and shattered by the withering fire, their first attack fell away from the walls.

Hours of struggle passed before the excited Ghazis were driven into final flight; but great indeed was the sense of relief and repose that fell that night upon the tired soldiers of Roberts's brave little army.

It is necessary that we should qualify our praise of Miss Stirling's description of the campaign in question by observing that she appears to leave the impression that the glories of the Afghan war were pretty equally divided between General Roberts and a serjeant in a Scotch regiment; but, whatever faults may be found with her work, she deserves every credit for treating a difficult subject with great skill, and for endeavouring to impress her readers with some idea of the labours of a campaign without sickening them with its horrors. *The Minister's Son* is a book that deserves both praise and criticism; but, taken as a whole, it is considerably above the average novel of the period.

MINOR NOTICES.

MR. WILKINS, of the London Missionary Society, gives us a sufficiently extensive account of the Hindu Pantheon, in a work of more than four hundred pages (1). It is classified as follows:—Part I., the Vedic Deities. Part II., the Puranic Deities. Part III., the Inferior Deities. It is satisfactory to find the Vedic deities separated and treated first, as the Homeric gods ought to be in a Greek mythology; but in other points the arrangement is open to objections. The great epics are our earliest post-Vedic sources of Hindu mythology, yet these are nowhere in the classification, the references to them being included in the large section devoted to the Puranic deities. And the third part rests on no intelligible chronological or other basis; the "Inferior deities" are sometimes Vedic, sometimes later. The sources from which Mr. Wilkins has compiled his mythology are respectable, indeed the best available in the English language; among these we are glad to notice Dr. Muir's *Original Sanskrit Texts*, Mr. Dowson's *Dictionary of Hindu Mythology*, Dr. Goldstücker's articles in "Chambers," Monier Williams's *Indian Wisdom*, &c. But books in foreign languages are conspicuous by their absence, and thus the great names of Lassen, A. Weber, Bollenstein, Burnouf are never found, unless one of them has been cited by an English writer. This is greatly to be regretted, since there are valuable monographs on special points of mythology, and articles in Weber's and Benfey's periodicals, which, even if the author were ever so determined not to be led astray into any by-paths of comparative mythology, are full of valuable ideas on the origin and development of the conception of each deity. The absence of any original quotations from Sanskrit texts, and the constant use of translations, lead to the inference that the author is not a Sanskrit scholar. Both these limitations are to be regretted, as they must certainly prevent this book from speaking with as much authority as it would if it proceeded from original and judicious investigation, or even from a full knowledge of what has already been written on the subject. Of course we do not mean that H. H. Wilson, J. Muir, Goldstücker, Monier Williams, and the other translators and scholars used by Mr. Wilkins are less safe or learned guides; and so much has now been translated that (as this book shows) a tolerably complete history of the Indian gods can be compiled without laborious investigation of new texts. We are most surprised to see so little notice of Max Müller on the Vedic gods. We can, therefore, accept Mr. Wilkins's book as fairly fulfilling its promise. But we cannot forbear to express a conviction that books like this are not all that books on mythology ought to be at the present day. In Greek and Roman mythology a dictionary such as Lemprière's is considered antiquated. We have found that in mythology, as in all other studies which seek to unravel the facts or the ideas of the past, the historical method is the only safe one. We must assume nothing beforehand; not that Zeus was everywhere and always father of the gods, nor that Ares was everywhere known as god of war, nor that it was everywhere believed that Persephone was carried off by Aidoneus to his dark abode. Many mythological stories are found to be extremely local; the parentage of mythological beings varies to an extraordinary extent; what in one place is an epithet, in another is a distinct being. But what is much clearer and more fixed than these things is the interpretation of the fundamental sense of most of the mythological deities; this remains the same amid all varieties of parentage and actions assigned to the person in question; Jupiter is the sky, Apollo the sun, &c. A treatise on mythology is not the same thing now as in the days of Lemprière. Then it was a very mechanical business; all you had to do was to collect your passages from writers who name this or that deity, and to throw the information obtained therefrom into

(1) *Hindu Mythology, Vedic and Puranic*. By W. J. Wilkins. Calcutta: Thacker, Spink, & Co.

one common stock, without discrimination of date or locality. Now we require a searching investigation of this latter point also. The Artemis of Athens may be a very different being from the Artemis of Ephesus; the Heracles of Sparta may be found to have little in common with the so-called Heracles of Tyre. Mr. Wilkins has, as we have noted, respected the modern discrimination of distinct ages in separating the Vedic from the Sanskrit period; he could hardly avoid that. But all the rest is put together too much on the old system. It is scarcely necessary to state that we find questionable assertions on subjects on which more learned writers either hesitate to pronounce a final judgment or decide differently. An example of the former kind is found in the assertion that the Rāmāyana must be older than the Mahābhārata. This has undoubtedly been held by many, especially the older scholars, Lassen among the number; but the manners described in the Mahābhārata, especially the polyandria of the heroine, are so opposed to the later civilization, and the world known in it is so limited, not extending into the Dekkan or Southern India, that it bears the stamp of far higher antiquity. A specimen of the latter is found in a discussion on the Suras (gods) and Asuras, who are assumed to be the "no-gods." The latter name is, however, applied in the Vedas to the gods, and the contradiction is explained by the derivation of the latter from the Zend Ahura in Ahura-mazda (later Ormuzd). This is quoted from an article by Dr. Banerjee, who, we suppose, is an Indian, and therefore not necessarily abreast of the European comparative philology, which teaches us that an *s* may become *h* (this is the rule between Sanskrit and Zend), but not *vice versa*. To draw in Assur or Assyria as the same word is the climax of the absurdity of this passage. Max Müller's *Chips*, I. p. 158, and Böhtlingk and Roth, supply the correct explanation. Sura is a much later word than asura, and has nothing to do with it; asura is from *au*, breath (root *as*, to breathe, to be), and means "the living." But enough of fault-finding. The book has considerable merits in its letterpress, and has one unique and most interesting feature in the woodcut illustrations, chiefly of the principal deities. "Most of them have been copied from pictures drawn by the Hindus themselves, and which may be seen in the houses of the people. No attempt has been made to idealize them; they are, what they profess to be, faithful representations of the designs of Hindu artists." A book that contains these, whatever its faults of design and errors in details, possesses a solid merit which ought to go far to recommend it.

The first annual volume of *Art and Letters* (2) makes an extremely attractive volume, handsome outside, and, as might be inferred from the conductor's name, capably stocked inside both as to letterpress and illustration. The volume will serve a double purpose. It has permanent and unique interest and value as an agreeable book of reference; and, furthermore, it is exactly fitted to lie on a table and help to conjure away the badness of quarters of an hour of anxious or weary waiting. This purpose will be well served, for those who are not specially amateurs of art, by the short stories, which are up to the best level of their kind, and amongst which we may specially note "My Lady's Stratagem," by Major Arthur Griffiths, and "Post Mortem," a decidedly striking story. No pains have been spared in the technical production of the illustrations; and there is, of course, much fine criticism to be found in the letterpress. Among the most interesting series of articles is that on Fortuny, from which we may quote this shrewd and sound appreciation of the painter's powers and their limitation as *à propos* of his going to the scene of the war between Spain and Morocco:—

Nothing escaped his quick eye and vivid perception of external reality, for it is characteristic of the bent of his genius that, though he made sketches innumerable, he never penetrated deeply beneath the surface of things. The pomp and circumstance of war, the glitter of arms, the startling colours of the Moorish panoply, the varied types of the Sultan's warriors, the brilliancy of the atmosphere, the radiance of the sun—all these enthralled him, appealing to every instinct of his light-loving nature. But the history of the war escaped him. Hence it came to pass that the picture he was specially commissioned to paint was never finished; albeit he laboured hard and long upon it, and covered yards of canvas in the attempt to execute a work which he cannot truly be said ever really to have conceived. In justice to his reputation, it must be added that he himself realized the impossibility of completing the task, and he accordingly returned to the Diputación Provincial the sum they had paid him for it in advance.

Another art publication of high merit is the fifth volume of the *Magazine of Art* (3). Its criticism is full of interest and value, it is capably got up, and its contents are most judiciously and agreeably varied. It would, however, to our thinking, be a decided improvement if the *Magazine of Art* took some notice of the existence of the arts of music and the drama, with which last the science of painting and decoration is now so closely allied.

The title of Messrs. Cassell's new venture (4) in great measure explains its object, which is set forth in fuller detail in a brief preface:—

In an age which is one of action and excitement rather than of reflection and meditation, it is difficult for most people to keep in remembrance the facts of even the immediate past. Events which seem for the moment of overpowering importance are forgotten a few months after they have oc-

curred; or, if the broad outlines are vaguely present to the mind, details are confused and misunderstood. Yet there never was a time when the march of contemporary history was watched with keener curiosity, or when more general interest was taken in the conflicting movement and varied progress of the world and its inhabitants. For these reasons, it has seemed to the publishers of the present work that a volume which forms a record of the past year, under all its phases, can hardly fail to be acceptable to the general body of readers. In the *History of the Year* an attempt has been made to summarize the results of the twelve months preceding its publication, and to note the progress made in the various departments of human activity.

This has been done with much care and success, and the result should justify the publisher's expectations. The book is divided off into political history, home and foreign, science, literature, and art, music, religious history, the fashions of the year, and an obituary, besides an appendix containing useful tables of reference on various matters.

The Additional Curates Society issues a prettily-bound little volume under the title of *Stories and Episodes of Home Mission Work* (5) in order to attract the attention of readers who are apt to throw "reports" aside, and to live in ignorance of "monthly papers." The contents are episcopal and archiepiscopal addresses "from the Chair," and extracts from the reports and publications of the Society, or of the clergy connected with it, during a period extending over several years. Most of the papers are evidently genuine; one or two have the appearance of being merely magazine "stories," which it might have been better to omit, even supposing them to be "founded on fact." Those who are familiar with the life of town populations know both how the labouring classes are accustomed to talk, and also how they are not. The tradition of the writers of tracts in a former day, and of the literature which has taken their place in the present, has always tended towards the latter style of conversation. But, with these very slight exceptions, the "Stories and Episodes" are an honest and straightforward record of very valuable work.

A *Baker's Dozen* (6) may be fairly called a capital story of boy and girl, written neither *at* nor *down* to the class of readers to whom it is supposed to appeal. The different characters of the children are really well hit off. There is plenty of incident, there is some humour in the grown-up folks, and the tone is excellent. Only one episode, that of the lion and the lamb (which, although some of our readers may not have heard it, we will not proceed to relate to them) strikes us as unhappy. It is painful, has nothing to do with the action, and is a little overdrawn in sentimentality.

Mrs. McDougall begins her very attractive book about Sarawak (7) by explaining that it is an extension, taking in the whole twenty years that she was associated with the mission at Sarawak, of a former book, now out of print, called *Letters from Sarawak addressed to a Child*. The volume is most interesting, and gives a singularly vivid idea of life under strange conditions; while the stirring story of the Chinese insurrection in 1857 certainly loses nothing by the complete simplicity brought to the telling of it. The same may be said of the account of Rajah Brooke's suppression of the Dyak pirates, and of the description, towards the end of the book, of the Illanun pirates, who appear to be incarnate fiends.

A fourth edition has appeared of Miss Ward and Mr. Hoyt's very useful *Cyclopaedia of Quotations* (8), which originally appeared in New York. The classification and indexing have been done on the clearest and most sensible system, and the book is a thoroughly good and useful piece of work.

Mr. Broadwood's publication of the late Mr. Böhm's pamphlet on the flute (9) will be interesting, not only to people specially interested in the flute, but also to the probably larger number of people who are interested generally in the study of acoustics, of which Mr. Böhm had, as regarded the manufacture of wind instruments, a curious technical knowledge. Mr. Broadwood tells us that the Böhm flute is now generally used in France, "but certain German conductors appear to have considered that the Böhm flute does not take its proper place in that gradation of 'wood' instruments which, commencing with the bassoon, culminates in the piccolo."

Some little time ago we noticed the first appearance of Mr. Ireland's biographical sketch of Emerson. The appearance of a second edition (10), increased from forty-seven pages to a hundred and twenty-nine, is due to the well-merited success of the first. In its present shape the volume contains new reminiscences of Emerson's three visits to England, new matter in the "Miscellaneous Characteristic Records," and an interesting collection of the tributes paid to Emerson by distinguished men on the other side

(5) *Stories and Episodes of Home Mission Work*. Additional Curates Society, Whitehall.

(6) *A Baker's Dozen*. By L. H. Afaque. With Illustrations by F. Barnard. London: S.P.C.K.

(7) *Sketches of Our Life at Sarawak*. By Harriette McDougall. With Map. London: S.P.C.K.

(8) *The Cyclopaedia of Practical Quotations, English and Latin*. With an Appendix and Copious Indexes. By J. K. Hoyt and Anna L. Ward. Fourth Edition. London: Dickinson.

(9) *An Essay on the Construction of Flutes*. Originally written in 1849 by Theobald Böhm of Munich, and now first published, with the addition of Correspondence and other Documents, by W. S. Broadwood. London: Rudall, Carte, & Co.

(10) *Ralph Waldo Emerson; his Life, Genius, and Writings: a Biographical Sketch, to which are added Personal Recollections, &c.* By Alexander Ireland. Second Edition, largely augmented. London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.

(2) *Art and Letters: an Illustrated Monthly Magazine*. Conducted by J. Comyns Carr. Vol. I. 1881-2. London: Remington & Co.

(3) *The Magazine of Art*. Vol. V. 1882. London, Paris, and New York: Cassell, Petter, Galpin, & Co.

(4) *The History of the Year: a Narrative of the Chief Events and Topics of Interest from October 1, 1881, to September 30, 1882*. London, Paris, and New York: Cassell, Petter, Galpin, & Co.

of the Atlantic. The volume is one which should be read by all Emerson's admirers.

Mr. Thoms's *Complete Concordance of the Revised Version of the New Testament* (11) fills a gap which had to be filled, and which Mr. Thoms has filled with commendable swiftness and labour. How great the necessary labour was may be judged by an excerpt from the compiler's singularly modest preface:—"Of course a Concordance of the New Testament is only one-fourth or one-fifth as large as one embracing the whole of the sacred writings, including the Apocrypha. Still in the present work the writing and copying of somewhere about 70,000 texts on as many slips of paper was itself a considerable task; but to this was necessarily added the apparently interminable sorting and resorting of these papers, until each particular line was got into the precise place destined for it, and also the subdivision of the more numerous words, and the mere manipulation of each text necessary to bring it within the limits of one line of print."

This is, as we have before now had occasion to remark, an age of handbooks. A good deal has been done in the line of producing bad handbooks, but we are disposed to think that the worst handbook yet written, or at any rate yet published, is the *Handbook of Fencing* (12), to which the name of Mr. Castellote is affixed. This is a strong statement, but a very few instances from the book itself, in which all that is good is taken from the works of Captain Chapman and Roland, will support it. In page 3 of his "Handbook" Mr. Castellote writes, "The Parades, or Parries, in Fencing, are the following:—Carte, Tierce, Circle, Demi-Circle, Seconde, Octave, Prime, and Round, or Counter in Carte and Tierce, and Round or Counter in Demi-Circle and Octave or Seconde." This is, on the face of it, sheer nonsense. The author of the "Handbook" is, moreover, as it would seem, unaware that he has made a hopeless confusion between simple parries and counter-parries. The parries are really these:—Prime, Seconde, Tierce, Quarte, Quinte, Sixte, Septime, Octave. Each of these parries has its counter. Demi-circle, incorrectly but conveniently so-named, is a simple parry. Circle is its counter, and it is excess of ignorance to class "demi-circle and circle" together among the "parades." In page 7 the writer drives in the nail as to his incompetence by asserting that "the simple parries are four—Carte, Tierce, the Demi-Circle, and Seconde." In page 14 he says that the counter-parries should be made more with the wrist than with the fingers, which is equivalent to saying that a bow should be made rather from the legs and feet than from the head and shoulders. In speaking of the Coupé, he says that you should rapidly glide your blade up your adversary's, and that—but it would take up too much space to point out all the blunders of this Handbook. We can only repeat that there are some few good things in it, borrowed either from Captain Chapman or from Roland, that the borrower has sometimes got mixed in trying to give an air of originality to the borrowed things, and that, taken altogether, the *Handbook of Fencing* in which no mention is made of Remises, Redoubles, Ripostes, or Time thrusts by opposition, is a curiously impertinent and worthless production.

Messrs. Paul and Trench have added to their Parchment Library Series an attractive edition of *The Christian Year* (13) with an excellent etching from Mr. Richmond's portrait, and an interesting "note on the text."

A conveniently shaped and bound edition of *The Parallel New Testament* (14) is published in London simultaneously by Messrs. Frowde and Clay.

Messrs. Nimmo and Bain have published *Vathek and Rasselas* together in one well-got-up and well-printed volume (15), as to which it may be well to note that only one thousand copies have been printed, and that no more will be published.

Among new music published by Messrs. Keppel and Co. we have to note the following pieces. "I Lov'd a Lass," song, words by George Wither, 1588-1667, music composed by Wilfred Bendall. In the music which he has set to these charming words, and which, like the rock in "The Walrus and the Carpenter," "lies conveniently low," Mr. Bendall has given us an excellent study in the seventeenth-century school of ballad, a school which had and has a very marked attraction of its own.

As to "It Cannot Be" words by F. Weatherly, music by Frederic Lohr, we can only repeat the title of the song itself, which is chiefly remarkable for a change from $\frac{3}{4}$ to $\frac{2}{4}$ time.

"The Rustic Wedding," words by T. Steward Abel, music by Thomas Anderton, is a simple and decidedly pretty thing, written somewhat à la Mr. Molloy.

"In Our Ships at Sea," words by Florence Grover, music by J. Blumenthal, Mr. Blumenthal is at his worst, and what his worst can be is known by those who are also acquainted with his most effective compositions.

Mrs. Marwood Tucker's setting of the words "I would not Wear a Golden Crown" is extremely pretty and catching, and we should imagine well suited to Mme. Enriquez, who sings it. Mr. Cotford Dick's setting of his own graceful words "The Gates of Paradise" is full of a tender thought and simple dignity. Mr. Mallandaine has done what he can to provide an appropriate setting for a weak canzonet, written by Mr. A. P. Graves, and called "Life like Ours."

For Mr. George Fox's setting of "Lost and Found" and "Uncle Toby," words by F. Wood, there is nothing to be said except that he has shown a misplaced ingenuity in finding a Punch and Judy motif for the introduction to "Uncle Toby."

Mr. Roeckel's setting of some clever words by Mr. Weatherly, "Lord Mayor Whittington," is decidedly clever, but we have learnt to expect work of a better class than this from the composer.

Mr. A. H. Behrend's "Tell Her from Me," words by Hugh Conway, is an unaffected and touching piece of writing, while Signor Pinsuti's "Never Forgotten," words by F. Weatherly, is full of feeling, meaning, and science.

Mr. Osborne Williams's "The Outpost Guard," words by Charles Rowe, is a music-hall kind of song which has the elements of such popularity as such a song can command.

Mr. Lohr's "For Ever Faithful," words by Vera, is a prettyish thing in the old Juanita style.

From Mr. Cox we have received "Do You Know," words by Fay Axtens, music by Humphrey J. Stark. This is a really charming song, absolutely simple and straightforward, well felt, and written in the composer's best manner.

The same composer provides music for the same writer's words in "Love's Serenade," which is very musicianlike and taking, but in which the close is somewhat conventional. "After the Rain," by the same writer and composer, is less happy, being, to say the truth, commonplace enough; while "The Awakening," in which Fay Axtens and Mr. Stark are again associated, is in its turn a good, direct, moving piece of work.

Mr. Bath sends us "Her Mother," written and composed by Mr. Arthur Cecil and sung by Mr. Corney Grain. Here the words and music fit each other exactly in a bantering tone of burlesque sentiment which is never overstrained, and prove that, after all, such a thing as comic song writing, in the best sense of the term, still exists.

From the same publisher we have "The Whisper," words by G. Newbury, music by O. H. R. Marriott; and "The Faded Roseleaf," words by Charles Rowe, music by C. H. R. Marriott, pieces for which their emptiness will probably ensure some popularity.

From Mr. Ross we have four songs—"To Our Guests," "The Harp of Erin," "Roses," and "My Love and I," composed with facility and correctness by Miss Frances Rosa Winter.

Among the music sent to us by Mr. Czerny we must mention, cursorily for the present at least, several part songs excellently chosen and brought out, some fine sacred songs, two or three by Mr. Lassen, and one—the magnificent "Crucifixus"—by M. Faure; and, to turn to lighter things, Mr. F. L. Moir's pretty setting of Herrick's pretty words, "Charm me to Sleep." Of piano music received from various sources and, amongst others, from Mr. Ashdown and from Messrs. Ashdown and Parry, we hope to find an early opportunity of speaking.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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CONTENTS OF No. 1,411, NOVEMBER 11, 1882:

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| Egypt. | The Guildhall Speeches. | The Cuban Refugees. |
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(11) *A Complete Concordance of the Revised Version of the New Testament*, embracing the Marginal Readings of the English Revisers, as well as those of the American Committee. By John Alexander Thoms. Published under the authorization of Oxford and Cambridge Universities. London: Allen & Co.

(12) *The Handbook of Fencing*. By Ramon Castellote. Illustrated. London: Ward, Lock, & Co.

(13) *The Christian Year*. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.

(14) *The Parallel New Testament*. Printed for the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge. London: Henry Frowde, and C. M. Clay & Son.

(15) *The History of the Caliph Vathek*. By William Beckford, Esq. With Preface and Notes. Also, *Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia*. By Samuel Johnson, LL.D. London: Nimmo & Bain.

CONTENTS OF No. 1,410, NOVEMBER 4, 1882:

Mr. Gibson's Amendment—Egypt—Socialism—The State of the Opposition—The French Government and the Spanish Politics—HomeRule Discussions—The Italian Elections—South Africa—The Midland Accident.

The New Renaissance—A Comic Gladstone—Salisbury Plain and Stonehenge—Wintering in an Hotel—Lifeboats—Paris Players and the Paris Press—The Grievances of Lancashire—Picture Exhibitions—Sandown and Newmarket—Mr. Thornton and the Secret Memorandum.

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GEORGE HENDERSON, Secretary.

Scottish Corporation Hall, Crane Court, Fleet Street, E.C., November 10, 1882.

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